WORLD SOCCER

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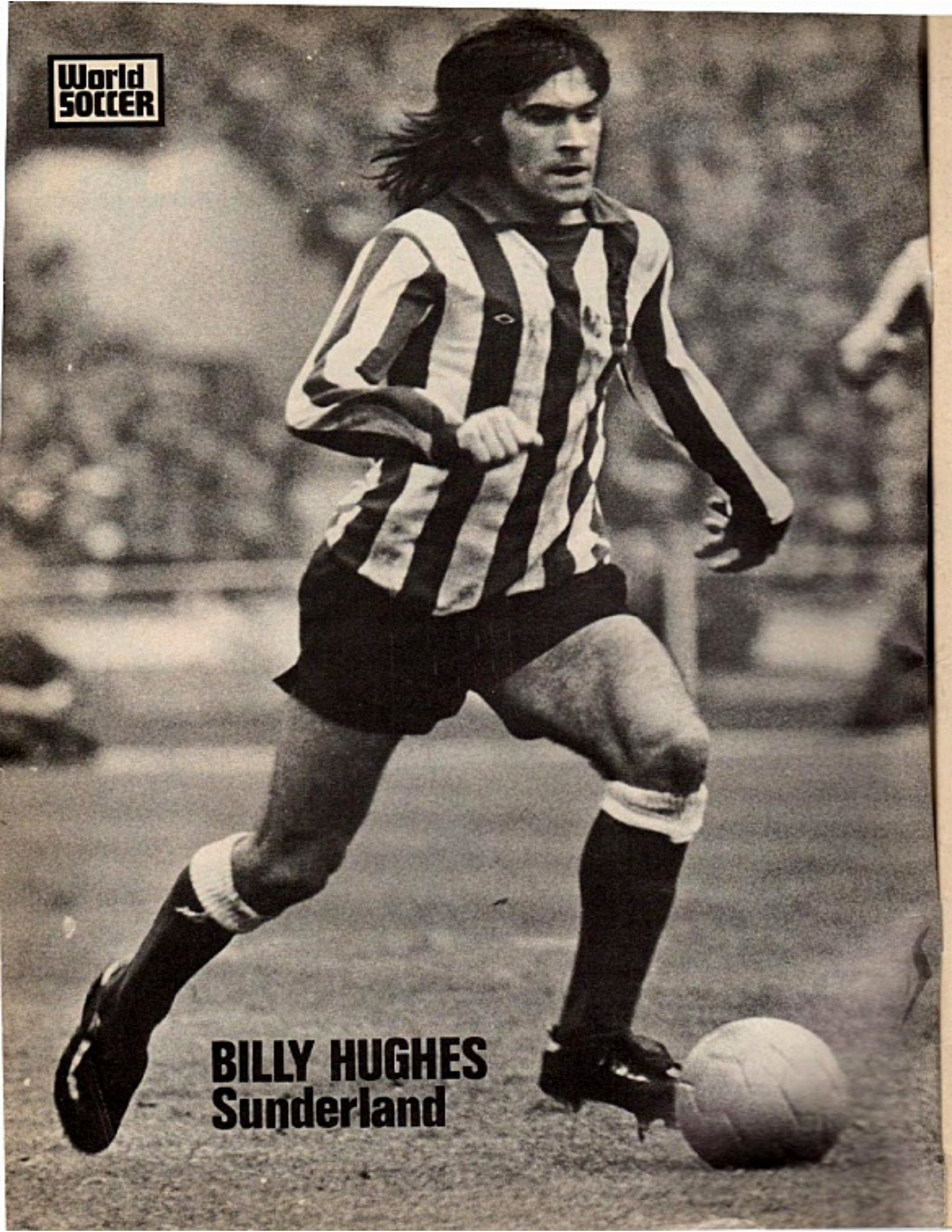
World SOCCER
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WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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FIFA — right or wrong?

THERE were several unsavoury aspects about England's tour of Poland, Russia and Italy, not the least of which was the sending off of Alan Ball in Chorzow. Ball was immediately banned by FIFA from all international matches until further notice; an act which brought cries of support from some quarters, and disgust from others.

Bob Lord, the Burnley chairman who has often made strong comments about players, was quick to suggest that such a system of "instant justice" be adopted in England. The Professional Footballers' Association, not surprisingly, talked of such action being undemocratic and the necessity for the right of appeal.

It certainly is a debatable point. There are undoubtedly too many appeals lodged by clubs in this country under the current system: appeals which, in many cases, are simply a way of enabling a player to be available for certain matches. All too often the appeals are not genuine, and waste the time of the various Committees set up to hear them.

There is much to be said for a player who is sent off receiving an automatic ban, with no right of appeal. Referees can be wrong, of course, but very few players are unjustly dismissed from the field. Perhaps FIFA were wrong to ban Ball for an indefinite period; surely an organisation of their size and statue could have immediately issued a ban for a specific number of matches.

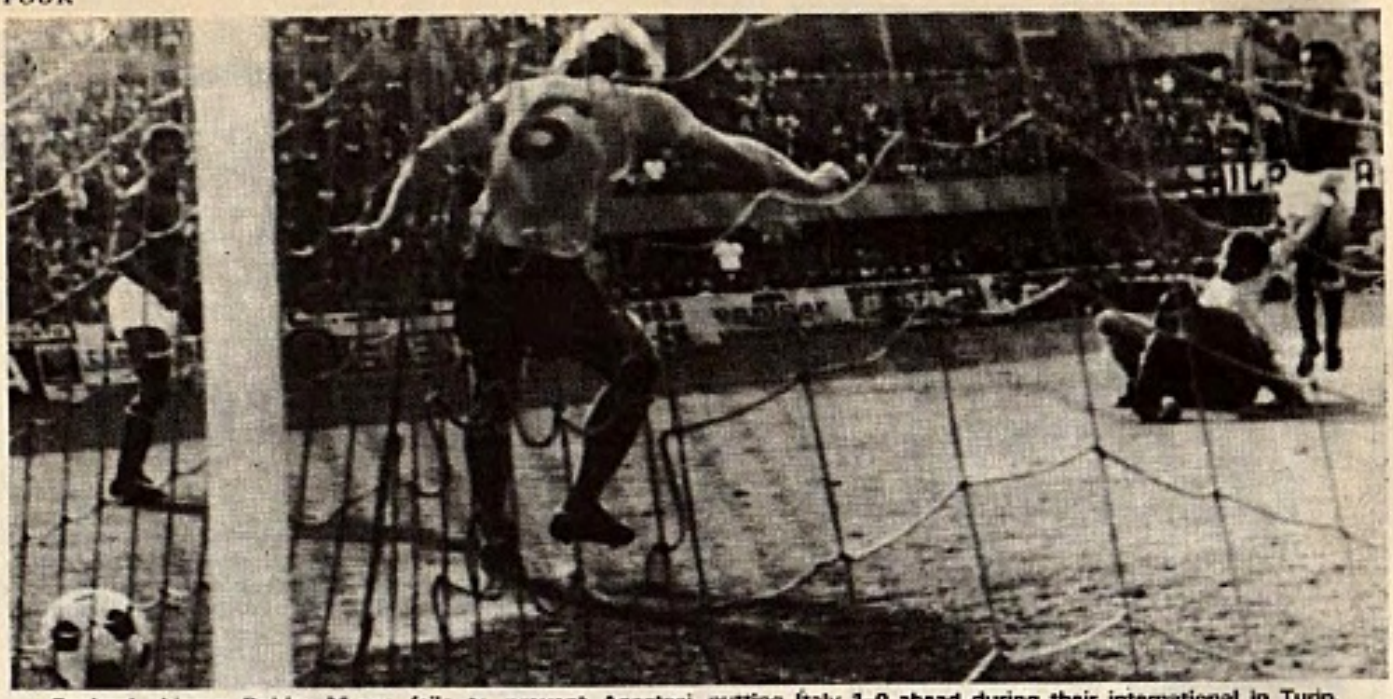
From what I saw Ball deserved to go off. But I don't think his crime was worthy of a three-match suspension. He has already missed two games; that should be enough.

While FIFA can get away with such tactics, Bob Lord is unlikely to have his way in England. I am not sure, though, that he isn't right, and that stricter control isn't the only answer to the increasing wave of misconduct that is helping to poison the game in England.

One thing the England tour did produce was some splendid journalism in certain quarters of Fleet Street. Brian James' "Diary of a grim tour" in the Sunday Times was magnificent; and Ian Wooldridge's column in the Daily Mail after England's debacle in Poland once again illustrated that he is the most entertaining sports writer in the country.

FRONT COVER

Our front cover this month shows Martin Peters in action for England against Scotland, with Allan Clarke in support.



England skipper Bobby Moore fails to prevent Anastasi putting Italy 1–0 ahead during their international in Turin.

CURRIE IS NO NETZER... YET!

DEFEAT in Chorzow, victory in Moscow, defeat in Turin . . . England's three-match summer tour has not enhanced our chances of qualifying for the World Cup Finals, let alone making a serious bid to win the trophy (writes Philip Rising).

England were pathetic against Poland, hampered to a great extent by the team that was selected, and the tactics that were adopted. Sir Alf Ramsey's decision not to play Mike Channon, and to resort to a basically negative and uncreative formation, is a sad indictment of the man.

Mike Channon, one of the successes of the tour.

Poland are certainly not the greatest team in the world, but they are more than capable of beating an England side that plays as it did in the Slaski Stadium. The claim of Ramsey and some of the players that England were much the better team holds little water. Poland scored two goals; England none.

Victory against an uninspired Russian team four days later tended to cloud some of the issues. A well-taken but not brilliantly conceived goal by Martin Chivers, and an own goal, put England ahead. Russia, most certainly, were fortunate to get back into the match via a ridiculous penalty, but although England won, and deserved their victory, the general performance again left much to be desired.

The Turin match produced another typical, drab display by England. While England had more of the play in the opening forty minutes, Italy always looked the better team, with superior players (both individually and collectively) and once the first goal went in, it was largely a matter of how many.

Dubious

England were unlikely to score even if the match had continued for a further ninety minutes. Italy, with a somewhat dubious second goal, unquestionably deserved to score more than once. If Italy were lucky when Capello netted from what looked to be an offside position, England were fortunate to escape when Rivera's beautifully flighted free-kick kissed the bar.

Individually few of the England players can look back on the series with any satisfaction. Peter Shilton, Paul Madeley, Roy McFarland, Bobby Moore (despite that disastrous mistake in Poland) and Mike Channon looked up to the required standard.

Allan Clarke, deprived of the sort of service he should receive, must stay; Martin Chivers is probably better than anyone else around. Which brings us back to mid-field.

Tony Currie, according to some over-enthusiastic British journalists, became a second Gunter Netzer overnight. Currie has a long way to go before he can be bracketed with Netzer. Nevertheless, he has made an encouraging contribution, but let's not go into raptures too soon.

Paucity

Bell and Peters have little to offer these days. It is time England looked elsewhere. There is a genuine paucity of class mid-field players in England but there are some worthy of a chance. None more so, in my opinion, than Trevor Brooking of West Ham.

He has skill, vision, splendid distribution and the ability to shoot and diversify play. Yet he seems to be totally ignored by Sir Alf.

In view of the results in Poland and Italy, and his stubborn refusal not to bring on substitutes, a drastic rethink by the England team manager would be more than welcome.

EUROPE

Wacker Innsbruck annex FA Cup

AUSTRIA

WHILE Admira-Energie join SC Rapid and Swarowski Innsbruck in the eagule struggle, the FA Cup has gone once more to SC Swarowski Wacker Innsbruck.

On a bonus of more than £2,000-a-man, the Swarowski players beat their *prestigioso* opponents 1-0 in the first leg at home with a fine goal from international winger Kurt Jara.

Then in Vienna, 22,000 turned out at the Prater stadion, though this was considerably less than hoped for. Danish star Flindt gave Rapid an equaliser before Gronen (W. Germany) scored for the visitors.

The issue was finally settled on away goals after Rapid had gone ahead once more at 2-1 through Geza Gallos, who scored from a penalty kick.

In the league, Rapid shocked their supporters, dropping three points in two games and later allowing their chief rivals Swarowski to steal a point. At home to Grazer AK they were beaten 1-0 and then could only draw 0-0 away to local rivals First Vienna.

Finally in a match that swung first one way then the other, Rapid and Swarowski drew 2-2 in Vienna.

This leaves Swarowski with a moral lift and a much better goals tally though Admira pegged back by the ban on games in "foot and mouth" areas still have a role to play.

Vital

Admira beat Wiener Sportklub 1-0 and followed that with another narrow 1-0 win away to bottom of the table Wiener Neustadt. Both these vital goals were scored by Gunter Kaltenbrunner who apparently is the only player able to shoot.

With a resolute defence this weakness in front of goal could cost Admira dearly as they run in to the final stages two points behind the co-leaders with a home game in hand.

FK Austria have created little impression since Bela Guttman took over. They hammered Klagenfurt 5-0 and have made themselves safe from the drop but that is all.

Last time out they were crushed 3-6 at Linz by VOEST and relegation is now clearly between Eisenstadt, Bregenz and Wiener Neustadt. Both the last named are fighting back but Eisenstadt have three games in hand.

Hakenberg of FC Innsbruck.

SPARTAK TRNAVA BACK ON COURSE

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SPARTAK Trnava got back on their championship course after having Jozef Adamec sent off against Brno and suspended for five weeks. The following game, away to Sparta in Prague, proved disastrous with Jaroslav Barton snatching a last-minute winner (2-1) but then fortune took a swing the other way.

An own goal gave Trnava a 1-0 home win over Zilina and on the same day the other results favoured them. Dukla (at home) accounted for Tatran Presov by 2-0 with goals from Vaclav Samek and Zdenek Nehoda while neighbours Slavia helped themselves, and the champions by holding VSS Kosice to 0-0.

In midweek, Trnava went top again, beating Lokomotive Kosice 5-0 with two from young reserve Kramlick, standing in for Adamec and a fine display from Ladislav Kuna.

Presov maintained their pressure with a 3-0 home win over Teplice in which Jozef Bubenko grabbed two but Trnava won away at Hradec Kralove through a first minute goal from Kuna. After pulling the biggest crowd of the day (9,000) Hradec went to last place in the table for Slavia did themselves a power of good winning away for the first time this season against Trinec (4-1) who are also in relegation trouble.

Banik Ostrava took the FA cup and gave manager Tomas Pospichal a personal triumph. An international right winger with the club before he moved to Sparta, Pospichal took over in the autumn when Ostrava were second from bottom in the table.

In the away leg VSS Kosice took a 2-1 lead (Danko and Andrejko) while former Under 23 cap Milan Albrecht got one back.

Second leg

Then though the second leg was on TV, more than 6,000 turned out to watch it live and Galis stretched Kosice's lead to 3-1 early on.

Jiri Klement played a big part in Ustrava's comeback with two goals and they won the leg 3-1, the trophy on aggregate 4-3.

EUROPE

BULGARIA

CSKA move nearer to the double

THE Sofia Army team C.S.K.A. (Cheshka) took a big step nearer the double when they took the FA Cup. In the semi-finals, CSKA beat neighbours Akademik by 4-2 though extra time was needed with the scores at two each after 90 minutes.

Jekov and Denev clinched their place in the final.

In the other leg, the third Sofia club, Levski, continued their recent dismal form and went down to Beroe (Stara Zagora) 2-1 for whom Petkov got the winning goal.

So the final in Sofia at the Vassil-Levski stadium was between CSKA and Beroe.

Dimitrov gave Beroe an unexpected lead early on but inside three minutes Denev equalised and Jekov snatched what proved to be the winning goal—2-1.

In the league, CSKA storm on, though temporarily winded away to Pernik who beat them 3-1 after Jekov had given them the lead before a crowd of 15,000. Earlier CSKA had won 3-1 in Plovdiv against Trakia (Jekov, Nikodimov and a rare one from Kolev) and beaten Cernomore (Varana) 2-1.

No doubt fatigued by their Cup Final effort CSKA will doubtless hold on with seven points to spare at the top.

The struggle for the UEFA Cup places is warming up with Lokomotive Plovdiv coming to life again. After beating Spartak Varna 2-1 away, they took on Levski at home and beat one of their chief rivals 2-1.

Christo Bonev is still in fine form and now appears to be getting some response from his colleagues.

Scoring twice against Levski, Bonev once more moved up to level top scorer with Jekov on the 22 mark but a week later Lokomotive slumped 0-3 away to Etar (at Tirnovo).

Though Bonev is one of the few established stars retained for World Cup duty by new boss Christo Mladenov—Jekov and Dermendiev and Aladjov etc. have been overlooked—they are still key figures in the domestic game.

Jekov has 23 goals to Bonev's 22 followed by Mikhailov (lokomotive Sofia) 19, Christov (Dounav) 18 and "Dindko Dermendiev though not amongst the leaders hammered a hat trick for Trakia in their 3-1 win over Beroe.

HOPES STILL ALIVE

EAST GERMANY

THE hopes of national team manager George Buschner took a knock when the DDR went down 0-1 against Rumania but with a 5-1 win over Finland their World Cup hopes are still alive. Everything will probably hinge on the return game with Rumania in the autumn.

In the championship race, it's still Dynamo Dresden, increasing their lead at the top of the table to five points. At home to Magdeburg, Dynamo pulled in 30,000 who saw an absorbing struggle settled on the hour by a goal from Watzlich.

This set Dresden clear for their other chief rival, Carl Zeiss FC of Jena, dropped a point in Berlin where they were held to 1-1 by BFC Dynamo.

The following week there was little change, though Union Berlin got off the bottom of the table briefly with a 3-0 home win over Wiesmut Aue. In Frankfurt Dynamo Dresden snatched another victory, winning 3-2 over Vorwarts when Hans-Jurgen Kreische scored in the 84th minute.

Carl Zeiss again dropped a point, this time at home to Chemie Leipzig and were somewhat fortunate.

They trailed 1-0 for a long time before Eberhard Vogel levelled the scores near the end.

Last time out things swung even more in favour of the Dresden club. Winning their own game 4-2 (Kreische 2) away to Dynamo in Berlin, Zeiss again boobed.

Without the injured Peter Ducke they struggled to a 2-2 draw away to Rot Weiss Erfurt one of the main relegation candidates.

Since their unfortunate FA Cup Final defeat 1FC Lokomotive Leipzig have scored goals freely. Away to Erfurt they won 3-1 and at home to Sachsenring Zwickau they won 5-1. Their striking combination of Wolfram Lowe, Henning Frenzel and Hans-Bert Matoul seems unstoppable.

Frenzel notched his 400th goal against Zwickau.

Petkov of FC Beroe, with trainer Kocev.

EUROPE

Vladimir Petrovic of Red Star—at 18 one of the brightest young prospects in Yugoslavia.

RED STAR STORM ON

YUGOSLAVIA

STILL without international stars left winger Dragan Dzajic and full back Petar Krivokuca, Red Star have stormed on apparently unaffected towards another title.

After the short break that brought the international team a prestige boosting 1-0 win over West Germany and a 2-2 draw in Poland, Red Star remained unbeaten in four games drawing, three and winning the other. The Red Star—OFK derby produced an exciting tussle that ended 3-3 and the leaders then drew 2-2 away to FC Sarajevo. Their next opponents were Vardar Skoplje, beaten 3-2 with two more goals coming from Vojin Lazarevic. Finally they drew 1-1 away to Sloboda Tuzla to make themselves virtual champions.

Velez Mostar, leaders at the autumn break, were very disappointing in the second half of the programme, though badly affected by injuries. Their key figure, Dusan Bajevic, has not scored in the last five games and they have slipped further and further back. Now OFK and Partizan, the other big Belgrade clubs, are right behind them.

Once more the foreign scouts are out in Yugoslavia with internationals Ilija Petkovic (OFK) and Miroslav Pavlovic (Red Star) both prime targets. Also high on several wanted lists are two centre forwards—Santrac and Nadoveza.

Slobodan Santrac plays for OFK and is currently top scorer with 24 against 23 from Lazarevic (Red Star) and Bajevic (Velez) on 18.

Pero Nadoveza plays for Hajduk Split, who have been only moderate this season. But watched by scouts from two Belgian clubs, Nadoveza grabbed a hat trick at home to Sloboda Tuzla in a 4-0 win.

With their players once more in demand, the FA is considering a total ban on exports until after the World Cup—particularly to Spain who are in the same qualifying group and especially where it concerns national squad players.

Fewer goals this year

RUSSIA

THE recently introduced "no draw" system of penalties at the end of 90 minutes appeared to have little or no effect in the opening matches.

After eight weeks of the season and 64 Division I matches, the result was actually five fewer goals—123 compared to 128. The next round of matches was even worse with only 11 goals in eight games and the FA sent round a stiff circular reminding everyone of the objectives.

The result was either a fluke or a huge success, for the following week-end there was only one drawn game out of eight and a total of 20 First Division goals.

Schahktjor Donezk maintain their position in top place but have been joined by Dniepr (who preceded them from Division II last season) and the Moscow club ZDSA.

At home in a local derby against Dynamo Kiev, Schahktjor were beaten 2-0 and pushed off the top by Dnieper. The following week Schahktjor were held to 0-0 away to Rostov on the Don but won the point—4-2 on penalties.

German Zonin who managed outsiders Zarja Vorochilovgrad to the championship last season, and is now with Zenith Leningrad, got off to a disastrous start. In five games Zenith were beaten five times.

Finally, away to Torpedo in Moscow, Zenith took their first points, winning 1-0 through a goal from mid-field man Vyun two minutes from the end.

Zenith followed that with a 1-0 win over Ararat (at home) but then went down 2-0 away to Spartak Moscow. It hasn't been an auspicious start with only two clubs beneath Zenith—Pakhtakor Taschkent and Karpaty Lvov.

Ararat (Jerevan) have been doing well at the turnstiles this season with 55,000 against Spartak.

However, their results are just a shade down and strikers Zanazianan and Andriassian not what they were last season. Andriassian missed a penalty at a critical time away to Torpedo (lost 3-1) but still tops the scorers list with five goals.

EUROPE

SCHÖN FACES TOUGH TASK

West Germany

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

FOR Germany's soccer supremo, Helmut Schön, the 12 months which remain before the World Cup finals are staged in this country look like being the toughest of his managerial career. Just a year ago his team won superbly the European Championship and was acclaimed not only as the best in the "old world", but hailed as prospective world champions. Since June last, however, a series of alternating, strangely ineffective performances, though invariably relieved by other more convincing displays, is beginning to cause deep concern to the German soccer fraternity.

The confidence of millions of fans in the supremacy of their team has been severely shaken, while the forecasters are gradually forced to revise the odds against West Germany pulling off their second World Cup triumph in history. The main reasons for this change in outlook lie in the two unexpected home setbacks against Argentina (2-3) in February and Yugoslavia (0-1) in May.

After a splendid run of 26 consecutive home games without loss, dating back eight years—to May 12, 1965, to be precise—the German eleven slumped to two defeats, which have rightly cooled the feverishly high expectations raised by the earlier achievements of the team.

Programme

Because of Borussia Mönchengladbach's involvement in the UEFA Cup Final, the Germans could not field any of their players, and specifically Netzer, Wimmer, Heynckes and Vogts, in either of the two internationals versus Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Those two games within three days were considered an ideal preparation for a similarly condensed programme during a World Cup series. That the Yugoslavs have found a settled side which once again ranks among the upper class of Europe was seen first at Wembley in October when they were desperately unlucky to be held to a 1-1 draw by England. But even without their injured star forward Dragan Dzajic and that fine attacking full-back Krivokuca, they confirmed their standing in Munich's Olympic stadium.

Manager Schön picked virtually the same team which beat England by 3-1 at Wembley last April, except for the otherwise engaged Netzer and Wimmer, whose places were taken by Overath and Flohe. It also meant the return in goal for Sepp Maier, full-back Höttges, plus the wingers Grabowski and Held. The 60,000 crowd, who braved the pouring rain, were thoroughly disenchanted with the side's lack of penetration and ineptitude up front.

Qualify

The match was decided by the tale of two penalties, one missed and one converted. A dubious award, following a debatable hand-ball by Schwarzenbeck, helped Yugoslavia to their winning goal. Centre-forward Bajevic made no mistake from the spot (77 minutes). But when six minutes later Holzer was adjudged to have fouled Grabowski in the area, even the great Gerd Müller failed to convert the penalty. Marić saved brilliantly and the jubilant Slavs emerged winners by 1-0.

Three days later, at Hamburg, the Germans faced Bulgaria fresh from their World Cup success over Portugal and favourites to qualify from that group. Schön decided, not unexpectedly, to try out some other candidates and he brought back goalkeeper Franke and winger Erwin Kremers for Maier and Held. In addition, the Cologne pair of Cullmann and Kapellmann—the latter gaining his first cap—replaced Schwarzenbeck and Hoeness respectively. In the 65th minute Köppel came in for Flohe. This was a better performance all round, but of course Bulgaria were not in the same class as Yugoslavia!

Woodwork

The Germans hit them with a three-goal "blitz" inside 13 minutes—between the 18th and the 31st—from which the Eastern Europeans never recovered. They did hit the woodwork twice, but throughout the game one had the feeling that the hosts could have piled on more goals had they been forced to go all out.

Beckenbauer opened the scoring with a free-kick which was diverted by an unfortunate defender; Cullmann, left unmarked, added the second with a fine header from a centre by Breitner and finally a corner taken by Erwin Kremers was helped into the net by the Bulgarian 'keeper Jordanov.

It was a great international start for Kapellmann, who is being tipped for further honours and who, incidentally, is linked with a possible move to champions Bayern Munich next season. The 40,000 crowd at the Volkspark-stadium went home satisfied with the 3-0 victory, for despite the slippery conditions following a steady drizzle, this was a much more dynamic German team than the one found wanting against Yugoslavia.

Too hot

Yet that lethal striker Gerd Müller failed to score in either match. Still, he is not exactly past his best, as he proved by hitting five goals in Bayern's 6-0 home slam of Kaiserslautern! This ensured Bayern's championship triumph which was generally expected after their pursuers found the pace too hot, whilst the most serious rivals like Borussia Mönchengladbach and Cologne—who by the way will meet in the DFB Cup Final—had fallen behind early in the campaign, and had begun their finishing sprint much too late.

Borussia received rave notices in the English press after they outplayed and beat Liverpool by 2-0 in the UEFA Cup Final. But it was not enough in view of that 0-3 defeat in the first leg at Anfield. There the Germans were forced to employ their great schemer Günter Netzer in defence, having lost three regular centre-backs, Surau and Sieloff through injury and Wittkamp (suspended). After playing 90 matches this season, Borussia simply didn't have the stamina to press home their advantage in the second half of the home leg.

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EUROPE

News from France by Andre Duclos

Healthy signs evident

THESE have been passionate days for French football, with the national team embroiled in the World Cup with Eire and Russia. More germane, perhaps, from a long-term point of view has been the rise of Nantes, the recovery of Paris FC, the general signs that something more healthy is emerging in the state of French football.

Nantes, who astonished perhaps even themselves in the League, are not in any way new to League challenges and honours; they won the title twice in recent years when Philippe Gondet was setting individual goal-scoring records. But since then they tend to have been eclipsed by the big moneyed battalions, especially Olympique Marseilles, whose struggles and comparative failures this season may not have been such a bad thing for the French game.

Last season when, as we know, they did the double, there was a tendency to believe you could just go out and buy success; buy it, indeed, at the expense of those whose players you filched. The Carnus-Bosquier case is still very fresh—if scarcely more sweet smelling — in people's memories and nostrils. This season, as we know, Olympique plonked down still more money for the transfers of two brilliant blacks, Keita and Trésor. Both are players of undoubted qualities, but money, as we have been told so often in other contexts, hardly brings and breeds happiness.

Foreign stars

It was especially ironic that Roger Magnusson, forced out of the team by the influx of other foreign stars, should return, owing to injuries, near the end of the season, and start scoring vital goals. Would Marseilles have done better had he never lost his place; had Keita, perish the thought, never arrived?

Everybody likes Nantes and their hard-working, competent manager José Arribas, but they have always seemed to lack something. They were, after all knocked out of the Cup Winners Cup not long ago by Cardiff City, and they never made much of an impact in the more demanding European Cup. When, at a vital point in the race for this season's Championship, they were suddenly deprived of their key-playmaker, the Argentinian international forward Angel Marcos, who needed an operation, all seemed lost. Even Arribas looked and sounded thoroughly dejected.

Tower of strength

But what happened? The other Nantes players buckled to it, and things continued generally to swing. The experienced centre-forward, Didier Couécou, who made his name in the south with Bordeaux and was in and out of the Marseilles team last season (he was also a World Cup reserve in England in 1966), did much to ease the loss of Marcos. Another Argentinian, the excellent little international centre-back, Bargas, who helped the Argentinians beat West Germany in Munich, has also been a tower of strength. Maas, the big German left-winger, came back into the side and contributed great things.

But in case you are beginning to think that the club owes whatever achievements it has had this season to its foreign legion, let me stress at once that no one has done more for it than its international captain and midfield half-back, Henri Michel, despite suffering badly and disablingly from jaundice.

This is a footballer of both skill and determination; though he has at times become so dejected by Nantes' continual lack of staying power, their inability quite to clinch what they begin so well, so often, that he has thought of going, in despair, to another club.

Jean-Paul Bertrand-Demanes, the goalkeeper with the alarmingly long name, is also well worthy of mention—and praise. He turned 21 only this May, yet has been in the team for the best part of three years. He has spent his whole career with Nantes; an open, modest young man whose greatest ambition has been to keep goal for France. He pays tribute to Jean-Michel Fouché, his predecessor in the Nantes goal who, he says, served as his model day by day in training. A goalkeeper, he says, does not succeed in any mysterious way, but slowly, learning all the time. He is quite convinced that "even at the end of his career, a goalkeeper has several little wrinkles to learn."

Kicks and bruises

Less sanguine altogether about French football is the young international centre-forward from Strasbourg, Michel Molitor. So fed up is he of the kicks and bruises he must suffer that he is hoping to join a foreign club at the end of this season; Ajax themselves are said to be among those interested. Referees, he insists, give French forwards no proper protection. Gerd Muller would find it impossible to play in France.

St. Etienne, the team which was dominating French football till Marseilles disrupted and pillaged their team, have had a good and honest season, finishing well up in the table, without making any real threat of winning the Championship on which they seemed not long ago to have a permanent lien. M. Roger Rocher, their volatile, outspoken president, insists that they will continue to build on young players rather than splash and spend in the transfer market.

Rotted the fabric

He must be wryly amused to see the travails of Marseilles, after his bitter contretemps with their former president Marcel Leclerc, who has left such an Augean Stables behind him. The end of that particular affair is by no means in sight: meanwhile there is no doubt that it has rotted the fabric of the club. The truth is that Leclerc over-reached himself in more senses than one, and Marseilles are paying for it still.

Finally a word for another lively young French talent, Bernard Lacombe, a 20-year-old Lyon centre-forward, who has led the native-born First Division scorers this season. As a ten-year-old his idol in the Lyon team was the little inside-left, Fleury Di Nallo. Now he has the satisfaction of playing side by side with him. "If I'm in the process of making a career," he says, "it's thanks to my Lyon friends." He means Di Nallo, Chiesa and the rest; but they in turn owe much to his fine finishing.

EUROPE

Barcelona slip after leading

SPAIN

by NORMAN CUTLER

THE emergence of three more top-class teams — Español, Malaga and Castellon, joined by two exceptionally powerful promoted clubs, Murcia and Santander — will make the Spanish First Division next year the strongest it has been for 25 years. Competition will be fiercer and the season will go on to the very last match, as this year, because none of the fashionable sides will dominate the competition and gain the title half-way through the season.

Atletico Madrid turned this season's title fight into a five-week Hitchcock-like suspense thriller, through having only two points to gain from the final six matches, they did it so laboriously in the last match of the season they still needed to beat Coruña.

Atletico used only 21 of their 25 players and suffered only 12 injuries throughout the season—which these days is something of a miracle.

Second in the table were Barcelona, the heirs to Real's mantle. They should have had the championship all wrapped up way back in April, the day they drew with Real Madrid 1-1. They then lost three matches in a row with idiotic results against teams at the bottom of the League, and slipped completely down the table until they recovered a little in the last few games.

First-class

Barcelona are no nearer becoming Ajax II than they were when Rinus Michels promised that ". . . under me they will become Ajax II". Michel's latest effort to make Barcelona Ajax II is to take them on holiday to Holland. They are spending the last 14 days before the close season opens, training with Ajax in Amsterdam.

I don't know what Michels hopes, but to me that's a first-class way of making Barcelona dissatisfied. The Spaniards won't take kindly to seeing the row after row of high-powered cars belonging to the Ajax stars!

Although not short of money and always willing to spend it, Barcelona's purchases were extremely poor, other than Perez, from Mallorca, and Barrios, from Granada. These two youngsters failed to put punch into the forward line, which scored only 41 goals in 34 matches.

Their chief failure was in the back line, when centre-half Gallego was injured nine weeks before the end, the defence became like an old sieve that had been left out in the cold and rusted itself away. The team in general never impressive were short of morale and were in fact the biggest disappointment of the Spanish season.

Third was Español. Virtually bankrupt last year they were saved financially by a financier's clever juggle, when the team jumped back into the First Division after only one season in the Second. Promoted from the Second Division last year they were the revelation side of the season. They beat almost everybody home and away and no one could be sure of gaining points of any kind against them.

Apart from the great work by the manager, former Real Madrid centre-half José Santamaria, their veteran players, Glaria and José Maria, who everyone thought were finished, began to show their old value when led by a newly discovered Argentine, Roberto Martinez. He was their leading goal-scorer, made the international side three weeks after his league debut and carried Español to their best First Division season for 20 years. They were the most correct team of the year, winning the correction classification and, in all, broke 22 First Division records.

Victory

Three days after the title went to Atletico Madrid, Español made the champions look silly with a 2-0 victory in the first round of the Cup.

Real Madrid ("The Baby Show's" second season) never, for some strange reason, intended to be in the hunt. Santiago Bernabeu and Miguel Muñoz both made several categorical statements that Real were concentrating on the European Cup and were not interested in the League. It was very strange for a club so interested in trophies and so strongly criticised by their supporters.

The European Cup escaped them because of a violent match with Español on the Sunday before their second leg with Ajax. Santillana was seriously injured, and is still out of football. Amancio, Pirri and Benito were also hurt and it was left to Amancio alone to attempt, unaided, to breach the Dutch club's well-drilled defence.

Real certainly did not try very much because three weeks before the end they were only one point behind Atletico, with three matches to play, and even then with all not lost, they played around throwing points away like a farmer hand-sowing corn.

Another newcomer was Malaga, this year under the control of Marcel Domingo. Last year they drew 32 of their 34 matches, this year they became recognised as the hardest team to beat in the League. It was the case of a new manager bringing out the best in ordinary players. He did it with Atletico Madrid and repeated it with Malaga. Goalkeeper Duesto, Marcias and Migueli were so impressive that Kubala selected them for special training and included them in several international games.

Bottom

At the other end it was the usual yo-yo affair . . . Burgos, Betis and Coruña, the three teams that came up occupied the bottom places throughout the season and went down with a mighty bang.

In the 34 weeks 656 goals were scored . . . leading goal-scorer being Oviedo's Marianin with 19.

The most successful in the referee's charts were the three most controversial. Rigo . . . Chamaco . . . and the famous Guruceta, who never had one game without ground invasions, flying cushions and police protection.

During the 306 matches there were only 39 expulsions in 34 weeks. Ovejero, Atletico Madrid's centre-half, was sent off twice and sat on the touchline suspended for 18 successive weeks. Ocampos of Zaragoza and Bua of Malaga were also sent off twice.

There were 61 penalties, seven each to Las Palmas and Malaga. None for Real Sociedad or Burgos.

Garcia Remon, Real's superkid 'keeper, saved four penalties during the League championship, three during the summer season tournaments and 15 in games decided by five penalties.

EUROPE

LONG FACES IN AMSTERDAM...

HOLLAND
by JOHN SPARROW

YOU'D think Amsterdam would be a happy scene. Home came the European Cup—even if the final was a miserable affair—and Ajax won the home league too, a couple of points clear of Feyenoord.

But faces in the capital are longer than those in depressed Rotterdam. At least the locals' faces are long. Rumour has it a score of Spanish-looking gentlemen are scuttling around the canals buying everyone bacardis 'n coke to the tune of high-pitched laughter and rustling cheque books.

The lifting of Spain's self-imposed curb on buying foreign players has hit the Netherlands like a bomb. Already, as I write, it looks pretty certain Johnny Rep—scorer of that solitary European Cup Final goal—is quitting Ajax for Barcelona, and MVV Maastricht's international striker Willy Brokamp is almost in Valencia. And that, fear the pessimists, is only the start.

The official overture to the rumpus was sounded in Belgrade where pre-final talk among Ajax players and supporters was almost exclusively the opening up of those rich Spanish pastures. In fact it so angered Ajax boss Jaap van Praag he walked into a press conference the night before the big match and opened and closed the Spanish subject before anyone had a chance to breathe. The briefing was to be about the European Cup Final, he declared. Not Spain.

Tempted

A storm in a teacup? Well Mr. van Praag is one of the coolest, canniest characters around and is not in the habit of getting uptight about nothing. He knows there will be approaches from Spanish clubs and some of his players will be tempted.

Rep was the first, going on the transfer list at his own request after talks with Ajax failed to give him satisfaction. Asking price for Rep is around the £150,000 mark and Barcelona were claiming first option.

Rep's affairs—like those of several other top Dutch players—are handled by Johan Cruyff's father-in-law, Cor Coster. Coster's advice to the young player was to refuse every Ajax proposal and after the talks he announced: "The salary Ajax was going to pay him was a laugh." Of course Coster, the maker of Cruyff's riches, believes in nothing less than fortunes.

While Ajax fans consoled themselves with the thought that Rep alone was free to negotiate, a note of dismay was voiced by new trainer George Knobel. Two years ago the club—possibly anticipating anxious buyers—began resigning players on long contracts. Knobel, however, sees this as a weak defence.

He notes perceptively that soccer players put more store by money than they do by honour these days. And if a long contract is putting the dampers on their earning capacity, their play suffers. Employers, he says, can be forced to break contracts and sell. Then he warned: "There is a danger that the basis of Dutch football is rotting because the Dutch people were not awake enough."

Quite a way to begin his new job. But how do Dutch clubs counter the big buyers? By sponsorship? Mr. Knobel had a few disheartening words to say on that too. His late club, MVV, moved heaven and earth to find sponsors in their fight to keep Willy Brokamp, he revealed. And failed miserably.

Knobel went on to say it was dangerous policy for Dutch clubs with limited funds to pay enormous salaries for star players creating, as in the MVV case, a situation where the star earns three times as much as first team colleagues. Lesser players, he said, would not accept this forever.

As I write Willy Brokamp seems to be heading for Valencia and MVV manager Tripels is now in Spain talking money. His trip follows a bid by Feyenoord of around £150,000 so obviously Valencia are keen to buy.

Poor old Feyenoord are still having a tough time. Latest news from their camp is that Wim van Hanegem is up to his old tricks again. The midfield man, right on cue, is asking to go on the transfer list as he does every close season in an attempt to jack up his salary.

Sources

With him this time, however, is the more likeable Dick Schneider. Manager Guus Brox says they were both offered a huge increase in salary but demanded more. The issue, he claims, has nothing to do with the opening up of the Spanish Wall but some sources have it that Barcelona and ex-Ajax trainer Rinus Michels want Schneider along with Ajax man Heinz Schilcher.

Just as a matter of interest you might like to know the name of the Feyenoord duo's business advisor. You guessed it! None other than Mr. Cor Coster. It is said that when a man's female offspring marries, he doesn't lose a daughter but gains a son. Mr. Coster beats 'em all. He gained a business empire.

Franco Causio of Juventus and Franco Muhen of Ajax during the European Cup Final.

Lessons to be learned . . .

THE ripples and reverberations of Sunderland's astonishing victory in the F.A. Cup will be with us for decades to come. It starts so many hares, raises so many questions and possibilities, that it is difficult to know where to begin. It was not simply that they beat Leeds United; they had previously beaten two other major First Division clubs in Manchester City and Arsenal. One need hardly emphasise the fact that the 1972 Cup Finalists were, in fact, Leeds and Arsenal, and that Sunderland defeated them both.

Have those of us who insist on the increasing size of the gap between the First Division and the Second Division been wrong? Is the general level of the First Division—indeed, the level of its most successful clubs—really poor and undistinguished? Is the Football League bristling with clubs such as Sunderland which need only the magician's wand of a Bob Stokoe to transform them within a few short months into mighty champions?

None of these questions is easy to answer. In the first place, let me say that I believe Sunderland and Stokoe to constitute between them almost a unique case; just as the North East of England is in itself unique. Without detracting anything from Stokoe's astonishing achievement, I do not think that he, himself a North Easterner, could have brought it off with any other club.

Consequence

Sundereland, when he took them over in mid-season, were a great club which had won nothing of consequence since 1937. But the potential support was there, and so was the playing potential. The team which beat Leeds in the Final included only two men brought to the club by Stokoe—Vic Halom, whose flick made Porterfield's goal possible, and Guthrie, the left-back, bought from nearby Newcastle, Stokoe's old club. Hardly a revolution in terms of personnel.

What Stokoe gave the team was belief in itself; the skill was already there. I remember seeing them lose at Queens Park Rangers early in the season and being most impressed by the way the team played; even without Dave Watson, perhaps its leading star, either at centre-half, where he figured so impressively in the Cup Final, or at centre-forward.

As a Geordie himself, Stokoe in some sense became a sort of conductor for the hopes and enthusiasms of the town, the fans. He also benefited from the fact that the somewhat authoritarian regime of his predecessor, Alan Brown — who, let it not be forgotten, did so much for Sunderland in the late 1950s — had left the players eager for a more democratic and volatile manager. Thus Sunderland rose from the depths of the Second Division to deal blow after blow to the supposedly mighty teams of the First.

Ian Porterfield and Dennis Tuart celebrate Sunderland's success at Wembley . . . Billy Bremner is the dejected Leeds player.

Promoted

Yet I still believe that the gap between First and Second is very large indeed. One has only to remember the F.A. Cup-tie at the Baseball Ground between Derby County and Queens Park Rangers, in which the then reigning Champions of the League thrashed the team about to be promoted from the Second Division by a 4-2 score which should have been 6-0 or more, so superior were Derby so long as they were trying.

Yet, to take another of the questions I — or Sunderland — have raised, I do believe the level of the First Division has been very low this year. That a team as obsolescent, as uninventive, as generally prosaic as Liverpool should have won it seems to me to say enough in itself. Liverpool's admirably loyal

The old boys and the newcomers, but managers all. Left to right: Bob Stokoe, Jackie Charlton, Bill Shankly and Bobby Charlton.

fans assail me whenever I dare to suggest as much, yet I believe I saw Liverpool sufficiently often during the League season to form a fair and valid judgement on them, and it is surely not my fault that I did not see them win once! I saw them beaten at home comfortably and convincingly by Arsenal, held to a 0-0 draw in their last home match by Leicester City, draw at Southampton and Arsenal, lose—most unluckily it is true—at Derby, lose to Spurs at Tottenham in a Football League Cup-tie.

All credit to them for managing, despite these failures, to win the Championship, but can it honestly be pretended that they have anything new and dyramic to offer a British game desperately in need of new ideas? Even Derby County, in a few European Cup matches the only exciting team of our season, are tactically "ingenuous", as the Italians described them after their defeat by Juventus. The goals they gave away in Turin in the first leg of the semi-finals were ludicrous, and don't forget that there might well have been several more.

Enterprise

Not one club in the League has had the guts and enterprise to experiment with an attacking sweeper, for all the successes and lessons preached by Ajax and West Germany, in 1972. No wonder that the way is clear for a dark horse to emerge from the lower division and astonish the supposed aristocrats of the First. Leeds United, overall, were probably the best team in Britain in 1972/73, but again, what does that say for our football?

Released

Everybody has known for over a year that Leeds' two little key midfield men, Billy Bremner and Johnny Giles, are past their peak; yet still they were able to reach the Cup Final for the second consecutive season, beating Derby on the way at the Baseball Ground, and to make an extremely powerful challenge for the League. (I think they would have won it had they not become entangled with the Cup and the European Cup Winners' Cup.)

Leeds have many splendid players; they will certainly remain a force in British and even European football for years to come, but they, too, have nothing to contribute in tactical terms. They just go on doing extremely well, if not quite so well as in the past, what they have been doing for many years. Their flexible 4-4-2, with retracted wingers, modulating at will into a 4-3-3 or even a 4-2-4, belongs essentially to the 1960s.

Are there, finally, all sort of "mute, inglorious Miltons," all sort of other, buried Sunderlands, only waiting to be inspired and released from their slumbers by the magic wand of a Stokoe?

Let me repeat that Sunderland, for me, are a very special case; special because they are a club with huge potential and great traditions, special because they come from the North East, and so does Stokoe. There can be few others in the same situation; by and large, this is the time of the big battalions. Burnley and Queens Park Rangers, most deservedly promoted to the First Division this year, are not among them and could never really hope to challenge the supposed giants of the game as Sunderland, when they eventually come up from Division Two, may well do.

Splendid

There is a handful of such clubs in England. Sheffield Wednesday, with their splendid stadium, fine history, large potential support, and undistinguished, Second Division, present are plainly one. Charlton Athletic, who once used to draw crowds of well over 60,000 to South East London, and made the unforgettable mistake of sacking Stokoe as their manager, are another. In the main, however, what Sunderland has accomplished may well, as so many have said, been good for football, but it may well be more of an *ignis fatuus*, a will o' the wisp, than a beacon to guide other aspiring, at present unsuccessful, clubs.

GREAT BRITAIN

Autumn night in Warsaw will decide

WALES

by PETER JACKSON

AN autumn night in Warsaw will almost certainly decide whether a bunch of Welsh footballers realise the impossible dream and become the most improbable qualifier for next summer's World Cup finals in West Germany.

As Europe awaits in open disbelief, the Welsh are calling for special get-togethers of their players in preparation for the return game against Poland's Olympic champions.

"It is without doubt," argues Dave Bowen "The most desperately important game Wales has played in the 15 years since we lost to Brazil in the quarter finals of the World Cup in Sweden.

"And for once we control our own destiny. Always in the past it's been the other way round but now if we win in Poland then they can start writing England's obituary.

"Look at it this way. A 1-0 win for us in Warsaw will mean England having to beat the Poles by three goals to force a play-off.

"I'm confident about the Polish game. Once you beat them, these continentals have a tremendous respect for you, almost a sense of inferiority.

"Well we beat them 2-0 at Ninian Park because we didn't allow them to play. Watching England at Katowice on television I got the distinct impression that the Poles played there exactly as they had at our place.

"They conceded the middle of the field just as they did against us but it didn't take us long to find out that they weren't all that good."

Chance

The fact, however, that the Welsh match represents Poland's sole defeat in 14 internationals puts the Cardiff result in its proper perspective.

"I always said we didn't get the credit that we deserved," says Bowen "But it's put us top of our group and we will never have a better chance of qualifying for the finals, certainly not in my life-time.

"I'm thrilled for our players, for people like Mike England who deserve to be playing in the finals of the World Cup. Nothing must stop us now from getting there."

England heard of Poland's win during an eight-day holiday in Corfu. "I hope I don't sound an I-told-you-so," he said. But I was pretty certain in my own mind that England would lose.

"We beat them at Cardiff because we hustled them. England didn't do that in Katowice and some of these Poles are so skilful that given time to play they really dictate.

"They're not used to being hustled. At Ninian Park they couldn't believe what was happening and what we've done once we can do twice.

"With Wales and Ireland always being the poor relation in Britain it would be wonderful to get to Munich, to strike a blow for the underdog. Because you play for Wales or Ireland people tend to think that you don't come up to the standard of the England players. That's rather annoying."

Wales decided against sending Bowen to Katowice as an observer. Instead a member of the Welsh F.A. staff at Wrexham taped a recording of the televised match, a film which between now and September 26 will be retained week after week strictly for Bowen and his players.

The Polish result at least lifted a little of the gloom that descended during an awful British Championship when three defeats from three matches pushed Wales back almost to the starting line.

Three World Cup points from England and Poland suggested a revival. Blessed by hindsight, it can be argued with ominous conviction now that those results tended to disguise basic problems.

Marksman

The most obvious one is finding someone to provide even a semblance of reliability as a marksman. Wales at the moment have nobody to score goals, however intermittently. Come back, Trevor Ford!

The record is so bad it doesn't bear thinking about although the romantics can be excused believing that someone somewhere has cursed the Welsh during domestic competition. After all both Wyn Davies and Gil Reece were denied goals against Northern Ireland at Goodison only by an unfriendly crossbar . . . and that after three years without a Welsh goal in the home tournament.

Criticism

Another problem is to find a pair of wingers who provide the right balance, perhaps a harsh criticism at a time when so many managers complain at there being so few good wingers to be found.

At 19 Leighton James is a player of unquestioned ability but, as yet, of understandable inconsistency. Awful against Scotland at Wrexham, brilliant at Wembley three days later he, perhaps more than any other, will be the player to worry the Poles most.

Bowen's gamble of summoning Brian Evans from the depths of Swansea's reserves for the World Cup-tie at Wembley in January paid a handsome dividend and an even better one against Poland.

Since then, however, Evans has, in keeping with a number of Welsh players, suffered from a thoroughly depressing British Championship. If he gets back for the Polish return it may be merely for psychological reasons. Evans at Ninian Park had the Olympic gold medallists chasing shadows although, not surprisingly, Poland changed both full back for the England game.

Other Welsh news:

Newport County, pipped on goal average for a place in Division Three, have paid a record £10,000 to Bristol Rovers for Brian Godfrey.

Club chairman Cyril Rogers greeted the Somerton Park arrival of the 32-year-old Welsh international with the promise: "We're all out for promotion."

Cardiff City's rebuilding programme goes ahead, on and off Ninian Park.

They invested £50,000 in Birmingham's midfielder George Smith and hope to arrange a special match to mark the completion of their £250,000 grandstand extension scheme.

Merthyr Tydfil, the town more famous for boxer Howard Winstone than its football, play host later this month to two First Division sides. And in each case it's a "thank you" for John Charles.

Merthyr's player-manager helped Derby and Wolves in recent European ties against his old club, Juventus. Now Derby will appear at Merthyr on August 8 with Wolves following a fortnight later.

EUROPE

PORTUGAL

Eusebio wins 'golden' award

EUSEBIO became the leading scorer of the 1972-73 season when he scored four goals in Benfica's 6-0 win over Montijo taking his total to 40, just two short of his best previous performance. On July 31 Eusebio will have a benefit match staged in his honour when Benfica meet the Rest of the World.

Having had a runaway success in the championship, Benfica dropped only their second point of the season when they were held by lowly Atletico away in a goalless draw—their first failure to score in the championship this season.

But Benfica were travel weary after trips to France and Hong Kong. While in Hong Kong they tried stopper centre back Humberto as centre forward—and he scored a hat-trick! And still on the subject of Benfica goalscorers, they are hoping to sign the Boavista leader Moinhos who recently hit three against Tomar.

Still Atletico probably deserve further mention apart from their exploits in holding the mighty Eagles of Estoril scoreless. Two or more months ago they looked a safe bet for relegation, but they pulled themselves together beating Farense 2-1, getting a 0-0 draw at Guimaraes before the honour of a division of the spoils with Benfica.

In the Cup semi-final Sporting Lisbon defeated CUF Barreiro 1-0 with a goal in the 28th minute from centre back Alhinho who was capped against Northern Ireland recently. Sporting who dispensed with the services of Manager Ronnie Allen (now with Walsall (have improved under the guidance of his assistant Nino a former full-back. And only Conhe in the CUF goal kept the score down.

Their opponents in the Final are Vitoria Setubal who beat Farense with a Jose Torres goal.

OLYMPIAKOS TRIUMPH

OLYMPIAKOS clinched the title by beating Omonia Nicosia 2-1 in Cyprus. The fixtures worked out that the top team would play the bottom, although since Omonia had taken a point from Olympiakos in Piraeus, the champions elect were a little worried, especially as the run in to the final weeks had become a little fraught for them.

Against Panionios they found themselves one down but recovered to win impressively 4-1. Then came the explosive match at Volos in which three players were sent off but Olympiakos came through safely 2-1. A similar victory over Aris then put them in a useful position as PAOK their only challengers had been unable to keep pace after losing a vital point at Panionios in a 0-0 draw. Yet in the end only two points separated the teams.

Strangely enough Olympiakos and PAOK qualified for the right to meet each other in the Cup Final, though a row blew up when PAOK said they would not play in Athens.

Olympiakos' success was based on a successful combination of ability and determination backed by enthusiastic support from the hordes of red and white bedecked fans in the mode of Liverpool. With five internationals in the defence only 13 goals were conceded in the entire programme. Of the forwards Romain Arghirudis and Yves Triantafilos were outstanding during the season, scoring 13 and 16 goals respectively.

The only consolation for third placed Panathinaikos who had a disastrous time with forfeited games and suspensions was that Antonis Antoniadis finished as top scorer with 22 goals for the third time in four seasons. And skipper Mimis Domazos celebrated privately when his wife presented him with a son to add to his two daughters . . .

AEK Athens caretaker manager Billy Bingham returned to England and took over as Everton boss and the Greek club's newly acquired President Theodorakpoulos, a millionaire businessman, announced his intention of injecting fresh capital and new ideas into the club. His first move was to approach Ajax coach Stefan Kovacs and a premature announcement of the latter's appointment was made to look foolish when Kovacs took the job as boss of the French national team instead.

Anderlecht win

BELGIUM

ANDERLECHT clinched a place in Europe next season by beating their eternal rivals Standard Liege 2-1 in the Cup Final. It was the fourth time these two teams had met in the final and Anderlecht repeated their success of last season when they won 1-0 to go three to one up in the series.

A crowd of over 50,000 at the Heysel saw a dramatic game in which Anderlecht lost right back Georges Heylens with a broken leg after three minutes, then went one ahead after six minutes. Robby Rensenbrink, Belgium's top League scorer missed a penalty which could have put them 2-0 up. But they did get a second goal early in the second half. Only then did Standard wake up and reduced the arrears with a controversial penalty.

Referee Loraux adjudged that Jan Verheyen handled the ball and John, Standard's German striker scored from the spot. Verheyen protested that he had not touched the ball and TV film confirmed it. Fortunately it did not affect the result. And Verheyen won his third consecutive Cup medal, having in 1971 got one with Beerschot.

For departing Standard boss Rene Hauss it was a disappointment but at least the club's General Secretary Roger Petit should have been pleased about the outcome. Beforehand he had said that the UEFA Cup was a much better competition than the Cup Winners Cup because the teams were stronger and they had an extra round to play in it!

Anderlecht's star was undoubtedly striker Attila Ladinsky a Hungarian recently signed from Feyenoord. Ladinsky scored both goals, the first a diving header, the second a lob over the goalkeeper's head. But his coming produces problems over foreigners as Anderlecht have more than their quota now. But with centre forward Ejderstedt returning to Sweden and the hope that Dutch goalkeeper Jan Ruiter will take out naturalisation papers they might get round it.

Standard's new trainer is Yugoslavian born Vladko Markovic 37 year old former Dynamo Zagreb and Yugoslavian Under-23 coach.

He speaks German, a legacy from his playing days in Austria with Wiener SK and FK Austria but no French. However he has promised to take lessons three hours a day until the players report back from training.

Finally Crossing Schaerbeek's veteran 35 year old Gerald Sulon has retired after 500 First Division games in a distinguished career which saw him wear full international colours, too.

OSCAR M

Argentina and Estudian

THE darkness had come over La Plata and from the living-room window of the home where I live with my mother and sister, I watched the lights of 7th Street, the main avenue of La Plata. Of course, thoughts of the then coming matches against Manchester United were never far from my mind at that time and as I looked at the lights of La Plata, I thought ahead to the lights of Manchester.

As you all know, we did win the two-legged match against the European Cup holders and without the need of playing a third and deciding match, which has too often in the past been the scene of a great deal of unpleasantness. I do not want to say much about all the misunderstandings that surrounded the matches. Those football-lovers who were most disappointed were probably the very many Argentinians of British families.

They naturally wanted Estudiantes to win, but they also wanted Manchester United, the British Public and the British Press to show up in the very best light. They were, they have told me, disappointed by Manchester United's complete concern with defensive football in Buenos Aires, but even more so by the manner in which the British Press reported the match.

Behaviour

Of course, I understand that our local newspapers possibly printed those extracts, translated into Spanish from the British papers, that were the most disgusting. But also, I am told, few British papers printed anything about the bad behaviour of the crowd at Old Trafford after the match there, although this was prominently reported in our newspapers. It is really a shame that footballers cannot play against each other without being influenced by the Press.

But this did not lessen in any way my joy in Estudiantes' victory and my pride in being their captain. You see we are not as yet considered as one of the major clubs of Argentina. River Plate, Racing, Independiente and Boca Juniors have always been the leading clubs. La Plata, the city where I was born on February 2, 1944, is only about thirty miles away from the capital and has nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, but it has been the capital city that has dominated Argentinian football from its beginning.

That, incidentally, is a situation which may change over the next few years as clubs winning the championship of provincial states are able to compete with the top clubs of the Metropolitan Championship for the national championship. At the moment, however, only my club, Estudiantes, has successfully challenged the big clubs, but that was a remote possibility I could only dream about when I grew up in La Plata in the early fifties.

Like all small boys anywhere in the world, I felt the magic attraction of that round leather ball and I soon started playing football in my home town. Football and school were all that I lived for. There are many football clubs in La Plata but basically one is either for Estudiantes or for Gimmasia Y Esgrima, the two First Division clubs.

Accepted

My club was Estudiantes, so you can imagine how happy I was when their scouts spotted me when I was twelve years old, after giving me a trial, accepted me to play in the lowest of their junior teams. One day, I felt, I could become a famous player like Urriolabeytia, a great right-half at that time and later the trainer of Estudiantes' junior teams.

My progress was slow but sure and I knew that I could reach the first team. My parents always backed me up and were happy that I played and enjoyed football but with one condition — that I should not neglect school. I respected my parents' wishes and studied dentistry for three years at La Plata University. Then, with two more years of study to go, I gave up my career. I was completely absorbed by professional football from which I could no longer tear myself away.

Colleagues

In 1964, when I was twenty, I reached the third division side — the highest of the junior divisions and a most important one in Argentinian club football. Several of my present first-team colleagues were in the same third division side — Pachama, Flores and our very clever left-winger Veron, who we call "La Bruja" (The witch), and we finished the season as runners-up. Of other later first-team players, Poletti, Manera, Echecopar and Aguirre Suarez also played in the third division team that season and our trainer, whose sound advice and criticism was so valuable to us all, was Miguel Ignomiriello.

The most important year for Estudiantes — and for me — was 1964. For me because on a sunny afternoon I first played in the senior side of Estudiantes de La Plata, my club since childhood. As I came out of the tunnel and trotted on to the pitch, I felt nervous, but the other

'Most im year w when we

players did their best to help me and the nervous tension disappeared as the game wore on. It was a great and unforgettable moment of my life.

Injury

I did not command an immediate place in the first team and in all that year played only three times — the rest of the time, as I have already said, for the third team. My usual position on the field is left-back though sometimes I play in the right-back position, as in the final match against the Brazilian champions Palmeiras for the South American Championship. But it was as left-back that I was chosen for the 1964 Tokio Olympics team. However, my luck was mixed during that year and an ankle injury at the last moment prevented me from going.

The real significance of 1964 to the Estudiantes' story was that it marked the beginning of the technical control of the man who has guided us to our great triumphs — Osvaldo Zubeldia. Osvaldo, as we call him, is our DT (Director Tecnico) which is the equivalent to a manager in Britain. As with most Argentinian

ALBERNAT

tes de La Plata

clubs his concern is usually confined to the first team and the reserves, and he only worries about the football itself.

The paper work, negotiations about salaries and so on are handled by others. The DT has one main helper, Jorge Kistenmacher, our Physical Trainer. And believe me Osvaldo and Jorge always arrange an extremely intensive training programme. It was the fruits of this

The Inter-Continental Cup . . . the trophy that has brought into bitter conflict the winners of the European Cup and the South American Cup each year. On these pages, Oscar Malbernat looks back to his club's meeting with Manchester United. This year Ajax will meet Independiente.

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as 1964

e beat Manchester United'

programme which enabled us to beat Platense in the semi-final of the Metropolitan Championship played on Boca Juniors ground — where a year later we played the first leg against Manchester United.

When the first half of the match against Platense ended we were losing by three goals to one and our hopes seemed to have crashed. Osvaldo spoke quietly to us during the interval and in the second half a miracle occurred — we won by four goals to three. We were in the final again Racing, the 1966 winners, and thrashed them 3-0. Yet the match I will always remember will be the one against Platense.

Finished

We were, of course, still a long way from the world title. We needed to finished in the top two in the Argentinian national championship to earn a place in the South American championship — Copa Libertadores de America. To win this championship we had to defeat the best clubs from Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, and the other South American countries. But before the national championship started in the autumn of 1967 we travelled to Europe and played several matches against varied opposition.

The results were not very favourable but it was a wonderful experience, as we got to know something of the European way of playing and of the magnificent pitches there and the different reactions of crowds. All this was important later when we came to play competitively against Manchester United at Old Trafford.

We advanced to the World Championship by finishing runners-up to Independiente in Argentinian national championship — we were unbeaten but Independiente with less drawn matches had the narrow lead. However, it is the first two clubs in each country who qualify for the Copa Libertadores de America. In our group games that make up the first round we had difficult rivals in our fellow Argentinians, Independiente, and Universitario of Lima, Peru.

In all we had to play four times against Independiente and had ample revenge for that narrow failure in the national championship because we beat them every time. So we reached the semi-finals and were drawn against a strong candidate for the title — again an Argentinian side, Racing, who had qualified by being holders of the South American title. Remember they also beat Celtic for the World Club Cup.

Against Racing we lost the first match at Avellaneda, Buenos Aires, but won a very tough battle at home. We met for a third time to decide the finalist. The game was played at River Plate and this time the gods were on our side. The result was 1-1, but goal average saw us through to the final.

Palmeiras, the successful Brazilian club, awaited us. The first game was played in our little stadium packed to the hilt. We won by two goals to one. We then travelled to Sao Paulo for the return match. A little bad luck and a "boiling hot atmosphere" both on and off the field spoiled our game and we lost. We returned beaten but not defeated, and we anxiously waited for the third and decisive match at the Centenario Stadium of Montevideo.

This time we played like champions and two goals by "La Bruja" Veron brought the Cup to La Plata. One of my dreams had come true!

Martin Tyler interviews the man who made Ireland tick

CLEMENTS — THE STAR PLAYER

ONE could be forgiven for letting the 1973 Home International Championship pass into the record books without a moment's reflection. Before a ball was kicked, criticism of the competition's structure abounded. The matches themselves lost most of their own identity as they became little more than World Cup warm-ups for England and Scotland. Totally forgettable it might have been — if Dave Clements hadn't decided to play the best football of his career.

Often in the past Clements, willing and capable in so many positions, has suffered under the label of utility player. His ubiquity has tended to mask his true worth. Yet in the week of the tournament this very versatility marked him down as arguably its most influential performer.

With the eye on England, the talk revolved around midfield players, around the balance between ball-winners and those who could create. Two separate phenomena, seemed the prevailing assumption; one type had to play at the exclusion of the other. That theory Clements made nonsense of in three masterful displays on the left-hand side of Northern Ireland's middle three.

Accurate

Drawing on all the experience he had gained in a multitude of positions in the First Division with Coventry, he approached the midfield ideal. Consistently winning the ball for his country, he supplied a stream of early, accurate ammunition to his forwards. But above all he accepted the responsibility of taking himself and the ball around the back of opposing defences.

Ironically the internationals fell at the end of a season in which he has played little in midfield for his clubs. With a hint of regret, he admitted to me: "I don't suppose I played more than three or four games there for Sheffield Wednesday. I'm happiest in the middle of the park. It's a strong preference really. But I've never known a club like Wednesday with so many good left-footed players. Sometimes you have to do a job and I've been asked to play at left-back.

"Fortunately we had the World Cup game against Cyprus at Craven Cottage the week before the Home Internationals and that gave me the chance to get the feel of things in midfield again."

All Jimmy Hill's professional impartiality could not prevent a smile of satisfaction as he and his television "panel" praised Clements' level of performance in the Championship. He was entitled to feel pleased because he had introduced the young Irishman into League football during his days in charge at Coventry. Hill vividly remembers the first time he saw Clements in action:

"It was at Wembley and Northern Ireland's Youth Team were playing England. The Irish had some injuries during the game and were under tremendous pressure, but two players, David and Pat Jennings played England on their own. Dave wore the number eleven, I think, but he was everywhere keeping the opposition at bay.

"Wolves signed him from Irish football for £7,000, but he was very short of experience and Stan Cullis made up his mind very quickly. I got him for £1,500. The problem was where to play him. He has a shot like a mule and loves to score goals. He has tremendous energy and pace — that makes him a natural in midfield. He's a great left-back. And for a time, he was outstanding alongside George Curtis at the centre of the Coventry defence. He's really several players in one. And, of course, he has this lovely left foot.

"One fault he had was to stand on the ball and get caught in possession, but in the Home Internationals he seemed to have cured it. He always looked willing to play the ball off early in those games. Sometimes, too, he would duck his head going for a ball in the air. But again I saw little sign of that in his games for Ireland.

Left foot

"I always felt that one day, we would see him playing up the front. Like Malcolm Macdonald. He certainly can hit the ball hard with that left foot. And he's got all the skill to play the ball off. I still think he could be a terrific player as an out-and-out striker. But I suppose that with all that pace and energy, he has to operate in midfield. He's a marvellous example to other players too. He works diligently and intelligently at his game wherever you play him."

Clements' success for Ireland was typified by his part in the goal that clinched victory over Scotland at Hampden Park. He won a poor clearance from their goalkeeper, resisted a challenge and sped to the bye-line. That sweet left foot despatched the cross so accurately that Trevor Anderson had no difficulty easing the ball into goal at the near post.

Whatever the failings of the Scottish defence that evening, neither Alan Ball, Colin Bell or Martin Peters attacked opponents in such a positive manner during the tournament. On that subject Clements is an illuminating talker: "I like the chance to go forward. Against teams that pack their defences, by far the best way to play is to try to get round the back. That's the way to penetrate.

"I know from my experience at full-back that the greatest problems are the players who attack you. People who are looking to go past you. So I try to attack when I am in a position to do so. Of course you might lose the ball a few times, but if you do get through the odds are then greatly in your favour that you will create goal-scoring opportunities.

"When we played against England, I was closely involved with Colin Bell. He was on the right-hand side of the field for them and I was on our left. It puzzles me why he's not so effective for England as he is for Manchester City. He always troubled us when I played against him for Coventry City.

Attack

"In the international at Goodison, he wanted to attack. He wanted to get behind our defence though not necessarily with the ball. He tends to make good runs there — runs that pulled me back with him—but somehow he didn't seem to be given the ball once he'd got there. England played a lot of short passes in front of the defence, so although he took up dangerous positions, we weren't given too much trouble. By and large anyway England seem to rely on their full-backs to get behind the defence rather than their midfield players."

The extra beauty of the Clements style is that striking preference for his left side. It enabled Ireland to offer penetration on both flanks, something England have not done convincingly since Terry Cooper broke his leg. Neither Emlyn Hughes nor David Nish, the two left-backs in the Home Internationals, are comfortable on their left and Clements' success only served to underline their shortcomings in this respect. The Irish usually have plenty of reason to covet our players, but this time quite literally the boot was on the other foot.

PERSONAL OPINION

by LESLIE VERNON

Journalists must not tread on too many toes

TO borrow a phrase from Milton (Shulman, not the man who lost Paradise), we probably have "the least worst football-journalism in the world". One can find a wide spectrum of opinions on the back pages of the dailies, and some of the Sunday output is of the highest order.

Each newspaper has its own individual style and market to aim at. Their overall editorial policy obviously covers the sports section too, and it would be unreasonable to expect a great deal of serious comment in the popular tabloids and flippancy or sensationalism in the high-brow papers.

Most of the top-writers are passionately involved with football and they do try to popularise it. In other words, convince their readers that watching a match is a rewarding experience. Yet, the public often complain that the reporter must have seen a different game, and accuse the writers of being biased. This is nonsense in the domestic content, although a southern edition of a paper might give a different headline to a match played between, let's say, Chelsea and Liverpool than their own northern edition.

Incidents

My complaint is not that the reports are prejudiced or inaccurate. They are simply incomplete. The large circulation populars merely concentrate on a few incidents, often omit even the line-ups and the referee's name. At the other end of the scale, the writer tries to analyse and report the match at the same time.

Although Glanville, James, Oxby and a precious few others do this quite brilliantly, they still leave one dissatisfied. In my view, a match report must be done in two parts. First, I would like to read the bare backbone of the action described in detail, with special emphasis on goals and important decisions given by the referee. Secondly, the reporter should analyse the match and tell us something about each players' performance.

The *Sunday People* is the only paper that attempts to do this by giving marks to the players. But several of their contributors have told me that they are finding it very difficult to assess 22 men, that is why most of them tend to give average marks to about 18 out of 22.

I can assure them that this is done on the Continent with much more flair, and the writers often have even less time to finish their copy than we have here. The reader wants to know the score, the scorers, the gate, the line-ups and who played well or badly — surely this is not too much to ask! The weakness of our feature pages is the over-reliance on the goodwill of the managers.

These gentlemen temporarily in charge of football clubs, have too much power, and very few journalists can afford to step on too many toes. Pages of eulogies are taken for granted, but most managers flinch at the slightest hint of criticism. I, myself, have been declared "persona non grata" at a leading club, because I dared to describe one of their matches as a "disgrace", which it was.

Such thin-skinned childishness might not be the norm, and a club would think twice (at least!) about banning a powerful newspaper from its Press Box. Nevertheless, by making himself non-available for comment, stopping his players talking to a certain journalist, a manager can freeze the poor guy out of a job.

Comment

The players are just as touchy, although greed usually overrules their prejudices—for money they talk to anybody! (Free of charge only to special friends and strictly off the record.) The whole scene is riddled with over-sensitiveness to adverse comment. Referees hate television for exposing their mistakes, but secretly enjoy the limelight and rush home to watch themselves on the "box".

Under these circumstances, no wonder that euphemism has taken the place of straightforward language. Just as calling "a spade a spade" is an offence against the Race Relations Act, calling a player dirty, a manager a flop, is against the unwritten laws of football journalism.

That is why we read about "getting a result" (we'll defend with ten men), "he'll do a good job for us" (he'll stop their best player by hook or by crook), "ball-winners" (unscrupulous tacklers), etc., etc. Foreign football is still grossly misunderstood and misrepresented in our papers.

Players from another country are regarded as either world beaters or mugs. According to our Press, they are always promised enormous bonuses for beating an English team, their injuries are always specially designed to deceive us, their crowds are hostile and unfair.

The papers really went to town on Schulenburg, the W. German ref., who was supposed to have beaten Derby single-handed in Turin. Surprisingly, they were more lenient with Christos Michas, who did beat Leeds single-handed at Salonika and got a two-year suspension (and goodness knows what else) for his one-eyed refereeing.

Sympathy

Perhaps we love Derby too much and have no sympathy for Leeds even when they deserve it. The total ignorance of foreign football was best (?) demonstrated by David Coleman, whose European Cup commentary was an unmitigated disaster. He must have torn the piece of paper with the Juventus manager's name on it, and kept on referring to him by his first name only—Cestmir!

Poor old Vycpalek had enough trouble without worrying about this unexpected familiarity, but it struck me as strange, that the B.B.C.'s No. 1 commentator didn't know the name of a manager whose club played Derby twice and reached the Final.

Coleman's understanding of the game was minimal, and capped his performance by shouting at people to take him off the air. A good idea in itself, but rather unprofessional when overheard by millions.

At the same time, Barry Davies was politely introducing studio guests in London. I felt that the roles should have been reversed. Davies does take the trouble to learn all he can about foreign teams, and very seldom makes a mistake. Coleman is an excellent anchor man and a very good commentator — on athletics!

ARTHUR ROTMIL traces the career of t

ZAGALLO M CHANGE TA

I NOMINATE as the saddest news item of the year the disclosure by the president of the Brazilian Football Federation (CBD), Joao Havelange, that his national team will forthwith play with only two strikers. In other words, the world champions are opting for a 4-4-2 system like a number of European countries have already been using with mixed success. Will the inspirational and inventive football of the South American artists be sacrificed on the altar of the defensive and destructive creed? Is the land whose World Cup victories in 1958, 1962 and 1970 were acclaimed as a triumph for attacking football about to copy the very methods which are already causing millions of fans around the globe to turn their backs on the game?

Well, perhaps not quite, for as Senhor Havelange explained in a recent interview: "We have changed our style a little. The team will now operate with two strikers, Jairzinho and Edu, but with four attacking midfield men, namely Palhinha, Gerson, Rivelino and Paulo Cesar. But, claims Havelange, this does not mean Brazil are becoming defence minded. "We aim to achieve more flexibility and allow the players to express themselves. But the reinforced midfield will not compel us to defend systematically, nor restrain our attacking ambition" —added the Brazilian chief.

Havelange doesn't believe that the great Pelé will take part in another World Cup series. "He has voluntarily resigned from the national squad and is available only for his club, FC Santos. It would be up to him whether he wants to make an international comeback. But in any event, the Selection Committee would have to decide if Pelé's age and form guarantee a place in the national squad," explains Senhor Havelange.

Brazil's programme for World Cup year 1974, is virtually fixed. The domestic championship will be completed by February 20, just at the start of the usual carnival! At the beginning of March, the selected players will undergo a series of stringent medical tests, before assembling in a training camp where they will prepare physically for a month. "During that period, no player will even touch a ball," discloses Havelange. In April the full training will be supplemented by seven games against national teams of Russia, Ireland, East Germany, Switzerland, Paraguay, Peru and Mexico. These games will take place either in Rio or in Sao Paulo, in order to save the squad long journeys.

On May 10, the expedition will land in Basel (Switzerland), and continue into the Black Forest in the south-western corner of Germany. In a resort, at an altitude of roughly 3,300 feet, the squad will complete its preparations and play three practice games, including one against Swiss champions FC Basel. "The whole trip, including our stay in Germany during the World Cup series, will cost us 100,000 dollars," says Havelange.

Wilson Piazza of Brazil.

Residence

In charge of the team is still coach Mario Zagallo (41), since 1970 basking in Brazil's third and last World Cup triumph. He just loves his wonderful summer house at Barra Tijuca, barely 20 minutes by car from the centre of Rio. This residence, situated directly on a beach, was a present from none other than State president Medici—for winning the Copa Jules Rimet. Here Zagallo spends the hot summer days with his wife and four children—two girls and two boys, aged from 10 to 17.

When they're not bathing, father Mario and his sons Paulo Jorge and Mario Cesar play football in the sand. Otherwise Zagallo doesn't discuss the game with his family, except when his club Flamengo have won! He is a quiet, sensible type, who normally says little at home, but who thinks a great deal. Perhaps he recalls to himself his own great successes?

His playing career began in 1952, when he made his debut in the first team of Flamengo. In their colours he won three championships of the Rio League between 1953 and 1955. He was born in Maceio, in the State of Alagoas,

eer of the Brazilian team manager

D MAY TACTICS

Brazil manager Zagallo.

and was only eight months old when his parents moved to Rio. Zagallos' first soccer steps were moulded in the youth team of America Rio.

At the age of 24 he represented his country for the first time and just two years later in company with Pelé, Didi, Vava and the rest, he was fêted as a member of the victorious World Cup eleven. The position of outside left was then hotly disputed. Before the 1958 series and for 1962, the Press particularly from Sao Paulo, demanded the inclusion of Pepe (Santos) and Canhoteiro (Palmeiras), as the number 11. Later, in Chile, Germano (Flamengo) was Zagallo's other serious rival. But despite criticism he was invariably selected for the first team. After the World Cup of 1958, Zagallo left Flamengo to join Botafogo.

With this club he won the championship in 1961 and 1962. Small wonder, since Botafogo boasted almost the entire forward line identical with that of the national side: Garrincha, Didi, Amarildo and, of course, Zagallo. Only centre-forward Vava was an "outsider". Zagallo looks back with particular satisfaction on that World Cup triumph in 1962. He had then reached the pinnacle of his career.

Results

He started out as a manager in 1964, at first coaching the junior teams of Botafogo. But only a year later Zagallo was promoted to take charge of the first team. It was a trying period for him, with the critics again on his back, but after the team triumphed in the championships of Rio in 1967 and 1968, Zagallo was "made". Already in 1969 he was offered the post of national manager. Once again the initial results were poor and the public far from happy, until, of course, the coveted World Cup was won in Mexico.

Zagallo's run of success continued, when in 1971 he moved to Fluminense and killed two birds with one stone. His side won the Rio League title (Taca Guanabara) and the first-ever all-Brazilian national championship. Despite this achievement, Zagallo again changed clubs, joining Flamengo and luckily won the Rio title 1972, but failed in the national championship. Not surprisingly he has now acquired a reputation for being restless, but he also has many supporters who value his calm, composed manner in stark contrast to other temperamental bosses.

Brazil's new star, Paulo Cesar, formerly of Botafogo and now under Zagallo with Flamengo, is particularly appreciative of his chief: "His friendly and fair-minded attitude is certainly one of the secrets of his success. Zagallo is our boss, but at the same time a good friend."

Zagallo's recipe is based on "persuasive" discipline. And he was also a model as a player. In 1963 he received the so-called "Belford Duarte-Trophy", because in ten years he was neither sent off, nor cautioned on the field of play. His intention is to educate his players to the same standards of correct behaviours.

By the time these lines appear in print, the Brazilian squad will be half-way through their tour of Europe. They kicked off with two relatively easy matches in North Africa against Morocco and Tunisia. Then followed clashes with Italy, Austria, West Germany, Russia, Sweden, Scotland, Ireland and France.

The Brazilians are aware that it will be tough and perhaps impossible to retain their record of 32 internationals without defeat. Every country wants to topple the world champions and in addition, the congested programme of fixture will force the management not only to experiment, but to rest their key players now and then.

Resources

Naturally, all 22 men embarking on the European trip will have to be given their chance. With ten, possibly eleven (v. an All-Ireland XI, additionally planned) matches inside 38 days, Zagallo should get a pretty good idea of the current strength of his resources.

The Brazilian chief regards the confrontation with the European champions and World Cup hosts, West Germany, as the highlight of the tour. A win here, would be of immense psychological value since the Germans are rated as World Cup favourites and clearly the side to beat in next year's series. Their recent slump against Argentina has persuaded Zagallo that maybe the Germans are not invincible even on their own ground.

But he knows, too, that climatic conditions and unfamiliar surroundings have always presented problems to teams from South America. As usual, the Brazilians will prepare meticulously, but the final arrangements will be worked out after their return from Europe. Together with the president of the Technical Commission, Antonio do Passo, Zagallo will decide upon the programme of the selected squad, and present it to the Football Federation for approval.

Zagallo would like to rejuvenate the team, but he will refrain from disposing of any player simply on account of his age. Only the current form will be taken into consideration. He believes that there is no substitute for experience, but at the same time a talented youngster should be given his opportunity. He meant no doubt Pelé, who in the 1958 World Cup was a sensation at 17!

Like most of his countrymen, Zagallo is deeply religious, though at the same time very superstitious. The number 13, for example, he regards as his . . . lucky omen: He was married on the 13th; he was christened on the 13th; he wears on his tracksuit number 13, and the World Cup 1974 starts on the 13th. . . .

Eric Thornton recalls a player who has been away from the limelight

CONNELLY BOWS OUT

THE brassy farewells to the Charltons are over. Very soon now we'll be paying a deserved tribute to Law's services at Old Trafford. Then there will be fond goodbyes to many others in various corners of Britain.

That's how it is figured out in these sporting isles. And very nice, too. Oh, yes. Especially when there is a jackpot of £20,000 or more to be collected as tangible token of appreciation.

Unfortunately, everybody doesn't go out that way. Year after year, hundreds quietly pack their slippers, close the dressing-room door without even a parting handshake, and vanish into the night to be soon forgotten.

Admittedly, most of these are just numbers to the average crowds, only recognised on native heaths, though there are honourable exceptions, as there always are, of course, in everything.

Very important exceptions, I'd say. Here's one to think over—John Connelly, England winger of the '60s, and consecutive clubman with Burnley, Manchester United, Blackburn Rovers and Bury, which just about provides a ready-made platform for examination of the different grades of English soccer.

You won't see him flashing past in a Bentley. Or setting the pace in a sleezy night joint. Or studying the closing stock prices. Or talking the big stuff with a swagger of the hips.

Connelly, 5 ft. 9 in. son of the glass town of St. Helens, is a Lancashire thoroughbred. He knows the value of money, honesty, and endeavour, as the subject is taught from schooldays in his part of the north.

Youngster

Now, let's paint in the details, and get the picture right, starting with a League bow on behalf of Burnley way back in 1956, when Bob Lord's outfit introduced a youngster from the Lancashire Combination.

It was a quiet entrance, but the ambitious 17-year-old matured nicely in Harry Potts' academy on that wind-swept stretch of the Pennines, was a permanency in the championship line-up of 1960, and again No. 7 in the 1962 Cup Final against Spurs.

It may pleasantly stir the memory in recalling that clubmates on that occasion included such brilliant advocates of the arts and graces as Alex Elder, Jimmy Mellroy, Ray Pointer and Gordon Harris, all internationals.

Altogether, he played over 250 League and Cup games for the claret-and-blue before joining Manchester United, in 1964, and ensuring a special niche in history with one of the five goals with which Benfica were beaten in the quarter-final of the European Cup, in 1966.

Came a step down to Blackburn Rovers, then, finally, a link-up with Bury, which ended when aggregate appearances for those four clubs totted up to more than 600, this summer, and it was decided that the time had come to write finis to a great career.

No flags

Yet there were no special Gigg Lane cheers when John left for home at Brierfield, just a stroll from the Turf Moor ground, and no flags decorated the 17-miles route home.

A quiet fellow, he liked it that way, and, later in the evening, when Bobby Charlton was talking about a soccer life on the TV, he was busy serving customers in a fish-and-chip shop the Connellys have just opened.

One of the last of the great scoring wingers, there are over 180 to his credit, and I've no doubt many more would have come from that lethal foot if the Bury board could have sold the idea of at least another winter in action.

Rich in memories, happy over a long connection with the game, he's the recipient of a tribute from Potts, who says: "He was a great clubman, dedicated professional, and player one can only speak good of."

Perhaps Burnley will award a free stand seat for all time to the star who missed out when the schedule of appreciation was being drawn up.

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by BRIAN MARSHALL

Birmingham rejuvenated by influence of Goodwin

BIRMINGHAM City, over the past few years, have emerged as one of the most progressive teams in the country. Last term they picked up 15 points from their last eight games—form which would have earned them the First Division title if they had been able to display the same winning streak in the opening months.

The man behind this form is manager Freddie Goodwin, who has stated that it is his intention to make the Midland club the Leeds United of the 1970's but to win more honours than the Yorkshire side.

It is Goodwin's ability to get over to his players the kind of style of play that is required at St. Andrew's which has made him one of the up and coming managers in the game.

This ability has not come over-night to Goodwin. A few years ago he took a two year course on psychology and there is little doubt that he has made full use of his learning while at Birmingham City.

Demands

He gave some idea of what he wanted as soon as he took over from Stan Cullis. He quickly made his demands with some signs he put up in the dressing room at St. Andrew's.

Signs such as: "Success—the ability and desire of every player to challenge with determination for every ball until the final whistle".

"Exhaustion—when one needs help to be sick . . .

"It's tough at the top—it's hell anywhere else . . .

"We supply everything here but guts . . ."

These were the kind of messages that Goodwin put across to his players. They appear to have worked because he has guided them to promotion an F.A. Cup semi-final place and a highly satisfactory first season in the First Division.

But he admits that his players took a long time to settle down. They were upset by a spate of injuries but displayed their real form in the closing stages with that outstanding run which augurs well for the coming months.

It is hardly a coincidence that one of the first names to be mentioned in connection with Leeds United if Don Revie had taken over as the new manager of Everton instead of Billy Bingham was that of Freddie Goodwin.

This is how high he is rated in the game and it is a fair measure of the success he has achieved and the potential he has shown over the past few years.

Goodwin, who had his playing career brought to an abrupt ending by a broken leg while captain of Leeds United, has built up a wealth of experience from which Birmingham City are gaining at the present time.

Signings

He had spells as manager of Scunthorpe (the prospects of him owning an XJ6 which currently occupies his garage were not too bright at this stage!), the New York Generals and then Brighton before checking into St. Andrew's.

At Birmingham City he has warmed to the task of improving the fortunes of the Midland club. He made several good signings to get the club back into the first division. These included Stan Harland, who provided the vital experience in defence, and Bob Hatton from Carlisle United.

Harland has since been ousted from the side by John Roberts, who has improved his rating since his arrival at St. Andrews, while Hatton was one of the main reasons why Birmingham finished the season on such a high note.

Goodwin makes no bones about what he wants from his players. He says: "I demand from each player that he gives absolutely everything for the club. In return, the many facilities a football club can provide are at his disposal.

"I like to think that I am a players' man and that they are worth the money they earn. I argue that if they attract big gates they are entitled to big rewards. At the same time they must provide value for money."

Players like Bob Latchford, one of the most under-rated strikers in the game, big Roger Hynd, Trevor Francis and Roberts do give value for money and this is why Birmingham City are developing into one of the most attractive teams in the country.

With these players at his disposal Goodwin firmly believes that he has a team which possesses the potential to really go places in the not too distant future.

He claims: "I think we are developing along the lines of Leeds United but with one important difference. If Leeds have a fault it is that they have often been ultra-cautious. We are a bolder more adventurous side and are prepared to gamble a little more than Leeds.

For that reason, I believe Birmingham City can win more than Leeds have done. Personally, I expect the club to start winning honours in about two years."

As part of this plan, the Birmingham City board are embarking upon an ambitious long term scheme which should provide the club with much needed capital.

Outskirts

The goose which is to lay the golden egg is the 48 acres of land which the club own on the outskirts of Birmingham. It is situated near Elmdon airport and is also very close to the proposed National Exhibition centre.

Birmingham have already applied to develop this land and if they are successful it could earn them between £2.5 and £4.8 million. They have another seven acres but this is to remain as the club's training centre.

If the money is forthcoming it will be used to build a new sporting complex near to St. Andrews. It is envisaged that the new stadium will contain shops, offices and flats, which, eventually, will pay for the entire complex. With this kind of set-up Birmingham City, under the managership of Freddie Goodwin, could go anywhere. They have the support to justify such a scheme and if they can bring some belated success to the city of Birmingham then the sky is the limit.

Names make news by Norman Cutler...Names make news

MUNOZ STILL BOSS OF REAL

MIGUEL MUNOZ has been appointed team manager of Real Madrid for the 14th year in succession. The Real Madrid board reappointed their badly criticised team manager to take charge of the team signings, training, tactics and selection during the forthcoming season.

The demand for his resignation from members of the press was completely ignored—as I said it would last month.

A dozen fancy names as successors which were announced in the press—Di Stefano, Lucien, Müller, Gento, Molowny, Santamaria, Boscov, Kovacs, HH, Zagalo, Miljanic—who were all linked with the job some time throughout the season.

The truth (confirmed from the board meeting): Miguel Muñoz was never in any danger at any time of being sacked, in spite of countless letters that were received reminding the board of a Santiago Bernabeu statement: "If Real Madrid don't win a title we shall consider making changes." Real never won a title, but the change was never considered.

Interviewed after his appointment and asked: "Are you not worried because Real has failed to improve on last year's performance?" Munoz said: "No, success isn't always continuous and to expect the team to do more than they have done was hard to say the least. Their unexpected defeat in the European Cup was utterly unmerited. With Santillana in the team we should have won the leg and cup. Amancio, great player that he is, faced an impossible job of handling the complete Ajax defence alone."

Appointed

"Have you asked for reinforcements for next season?" "No, the board of directors and my ideas coincide perfectly, there is no need to ask to spend fortunes on foreign players, many of whom are no better than those we already have. We need only retouch the team here and there with our own players." "You mean ceded players like Planelles and Del Bosque with Castellon and Espildora of Santander?" "Yes. You are well informed!"

Muñoz joined the club in 1948-49 as a player, scored Real's first goal in the European Cup competition and won three European titles. He was appointed manager 14 years ago and under his direction the club has won the European Cup twice, the Spanish Cup twice and the Spanish League eight times.

How do you manage to become immune to press criticism? Simply by remembering that they know little about football, nothing of a manager's personal team problems and nothing of a player's problem. If a player is playing badly, there is only one person who knows why —and I don't talk.

NETZER SIGNS

THE first player to be imported to Spain after the decision to scrap the embargo on foreigners was Gunter Netzer, snapped up by Real Madrid from Borussia Monchengladbach of West Germany.

How this move will effect Netzer's future in international football remains to be seen. He missed the West German match against Brazil, and the disappointing display by the Germans brought forth a cry that Netzer must be brought back for the national side.

It is reported that Helmut Schon is to ask FIFA to ensure that Real release Netzer for all Germany's forthcoming internationals, and the World Cup series.

Real, meanwhile, are delighted to acquire the services of such an outstanding player. Full details of the transfer scoop of the year will be reported in World Soccer next month.

Bernabeu annoyed

SANTIAGO BERNABEU was not very pleased when he returned to his private box in Red Star's stadium in the second half of the European Cup Final. During the interval he went to greet the Ajax president, Van Praag.

"They think I'm stupid . . . do you think I'm stupid?"

"I don't think I would use that word."

"But you don't think I'm stupid, do you?"

"No."

For the rest of the game Don Santi spent punching his right hand in a clenched fist. "A hundred millions, a hundred millions . . . I wouldn't pay a hundred millions for their whole team, let alone for one player."

Transfer

That was the price Ajax asked when Don Santi asked about the transfer of Johann Cruyff.

That's how much Ajax wanted, how much Cruyff would demand we shall never know. He is reported to be the most mercenary of Dutch players and Van Dyke once said: "Cruffie would be a great footballer if he thought less of money."

That's how it was throughout the second half when a Cruyff pass went astray — Bernabeu growled "A hundred millions." When a shot went wide, and there were many, when he was beaten or failed in a tackle, Don Santi blustered: "Just look — a hundred millions!"

by Norman Cutler...Names make news by

Black day in Spain...

JUNE 2 was the blackest day in Spanish football history. It was the day the Sports Minister, Juan Gich (former Barcelona secretary) put his Ministry's official seal on the two foreigners for each First and Second Division team policy.

At least it was a great day for someone—the staff of the daily newspaper "AS", whose two-year campaign of brainwashing the clubs, public and Ministry officials into believing that foreigners would transform Spanish football into Brazil's or England's. The only thing it will do is to attract and turn Spain into a playground for these money-mad football mercenaries.

When the Minister issued his edict, the nation was shocked, the clubs didn't expect an announcement without consultation, nor did they want the open door. They hadn't considered who they wanted to buy or surveyed the market or buying grounds. Who was on the market, how much should they offer? Even if they did, would they have the money? Few did.

Nevertheless, 36 hours after the edict was published the following front-line stars were reported to be on the way to Spanish clubs:

Signings?

Paulovic: Red Star Belgrade to Atletico Madrid.

Cruyff: Ajax, 100,000,00 ptas., to Real Madrid (withdrawn).

Dzajic: Red Star Belgrade to Malaga (not for 15 months because of military service).

Maglioni: Independant Atlanta, refused a trial with Español.

Bianchi: Velez Sarafield, 20,000,000 ptns. for club, declined Granada's offer, wants Real, Atletico Madrid or Barcelona.

Jekov: CSKA Sofia to Español.

Oscar Mas: River Plate for Sevilla.

Garcia Cambron: Charita Juniors, offered to Real Mallorca, who haven't a penny.

Cubillas: National, also offered to Mallorca.

Wimmer: Borussia, 40,000,000 ptas. for the club, to Valencia.

It was also announced by an Argentine agent of footballers that within a month 30 or 40 Argentinians would be arriving in Spain. By Jove! That will be the day when we shall all man the barricades to keep them out. We've enough already of Argentine. It's a good thing the clubs will have to ask the federation's final approval.

Great power

We now have the open door. First-line footballers (who decides this point?) with foreign passports will be able to join Spanish clubs, Spanish football will turn into a great power—the World Cup, European Championship and European Cups will all be ours, according to the magazine "AS"—utter nonsense!

There's one nauseating thing we are in for: the sight of Argentine intermediaries hawking a group of players from ground to ground trying to sell their services. We shall see managers massaging a player's thighs, feeling his biceps and looking at his teeth—all of which is a common sight at the local cattle market sales.

Success hasn't changed them

TWO men and a girl sat drinking coffee in a seedy looking café called The Ring. At every sound from the door they were frightened and looked to see who was coming in. Their wait was an anxious one. Soon a car drew up at the door, the driver looked around, then a tall, smiling young man in a fawn trenchcoat took his place and quickly joined the three.

The meeting took only a few short minutes; moments later all four moved outside into the waiting car which hurriedly disappeared.

The man in the trenchcoat was LADISLAO KUBALA; the other FERNANDO DAUCIK, his son YANKO and his daughter ANNA.

Thirteen years later Kubala is the hero of Spain, his skill having taken Spain almost to the finals of the World Cup.

The girl Anna is now Kubala's wife, whose two sons are both promising footballers.

The young man, 22 years of age, Yanko Daucik.

Gypsies

The strangeness of it all was that Fernando Daucik became manager of 13 different clubs — Betis, Jerez, Atletico Madrid, Salamanca, Aporto, etc.—Yanko played for Barcelona, chiefly because of his size (6 ft. 4 in.), and every other club that his father managed as well. Also with Real Madrid, a year with Real Mallorca and one season each in Toronto and Melilla. He is truly the nomad of Spanish football. But then he comes from a land of gypsies.

It has always been a case of everywhere the father went Yanko was sure to go!

Today all three are happy. Kubala and Anna with their two sons. Yanko married with a baby. All three playing a big part in Spanish football.

Success has hardly changed them. There is still room for a few more trophies in the Golden Room of the SANTIAGO BERNABEU STADIUM.

An American who visited the room said: "Oh gee, I thought we had all the gold in Fort Worth. Real Madrid seems to have as much as South Africa and the US put together. I am told the trophies alone are worth £250,000. They are just endless."

WORLD SOCCER DIARY...WORLD SOCCER DIARY...WORLD SOCCER DIARY.

Independiente triu
happy, Ramsey sc
praised, Perez reig

INDEPENDIENTE of Argentina won the South American Club Championship after a total of five hours play against Colo Colo of Chile. The third and deciding match went into extra time in Montevideo, before the Argentinians won 2-1.

The first match, in Buenos Aires, was drawn 1-1. The second tie, in Santiago, ended 0-0.

The winning goal was scored after Colo Colo had been reduced to ten men, defender Herrera having been sent off in the last minutes of regular time.

Independiente winger Mendoza scored the first goal in the 23rd minute. Colo Colo defender Caszelli got the equaliser 18 minutes later with a 30-yard shot. The winning goal came from Ciachello.

POLISH commentators likened their World Cup win over England to the toppling of a mighty giant. "Let us be frank about it, what happened was not expected by many soccer fans in Poland," wrote the Communist Party newspaper *Trybuna Ludu*. "The match in Chorzow was not a friendly meeting in Czechoslovakia, but a struggle for a position in the World Championships and for the prestige of British football."

The sports newspaper *Przeglad Sportowy* crowed: "Gadocha and Lubanski brought to their knees the legendary fathers of modern football.

"We must remind you of what we wrote before the match—that now and again the Polish team can manage a heroic struggle and rise to top-class football."

Several newspapers complained that England used rough tactics. The leading daily, *Zycie Warszawie* said: "The England team did not spare the Polish legs and their own elbows and foot. It was not incidental that Alan Ball had to leave the pitch. He and several more English footballers deserved yellow cards, in our opinion."

MOST English newspapers were scathing,t oo. The "Ramsey Must Go" campaign received a great deal of impetus not just by the result, but by the team he chose and the sort of tactics they employed.

Bernard Joy, in the *London Evening Standard*, was one of the few who seemed to see the same match as Ramsey. He, too, thought England played well and were the better team. It seems that few readers of the *Standard* agreed with Bernard, judging by the letters published soon after his report appeared.

England's defeat certainly hit our national pride, and appalled not only those who are strong devotees of the game. Ordinary people who probably never go to a professional match but follow soccer on television were genuinely angry about the performance of the England team.

Ramsey would have gained many more friends and greater respect had he told his players in no uncertain terms that their display was pathetic. His loyalty to those who wear the England jersey is admirable, and there are times when he rightly defends them against criticism, but surely when a public rebuke is required it should be administered.

It is no good Ramsey ostracising himself. He is a public figure, and the fortunes of the England team are there for everyone to see. The public has a right for an explanation, and some frank speaking.

It might be nice if Sir Alf even admitted that he was wrong on occasions. His tactics in Poland were undoubtably wrong, the team he selected was wrong and he was wrong not to bring on substitutes. Some of his after-match comments would have been funny had they not been so unbelievable.

Ramsey alone wasn't to blame, of course. Those who did play, with the odd exception, looked very second rate footballers. Perhaps it is time we admitted that our so called "world class" players are nothing of the sort.

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This is the new FIFA World Cup, which is made of gold and has a value of nearly 40,000 US dollars. The Cup is copyrighted by FIFA, designed by sculptor Silvio Gazzaniga and manufactured by Bertoni, Milan.

Referee Schiller of Austria sends off Alan Ball afte
Poland v. England World Cup ma

..WORLD SOCCER DIARY...WORLD SOC

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What was so frustrating about the game in Poland was the inability of a great many of the England players even to do the basic things right. What few corners England earned were wasted, free-kicks were misused; surely a player appearing at that level should be expected to be able to take a reasonable corner and make something out of dead ball situations.

Jackie Charlton, talking a great deal of sense on ITV after the match in Russia, pointed out that the inclusion of Tony Currie at last meant someone was pushing balls through rather than across. Chivers, Clarke and Channon relished the greater service they received but England still have a long way to go before qualifying for the World Cup finals, let alone making a mark in them.

AN extra time goal out of the blue gave hosts South Korea a stunning but deserved 1-0 victory over Israel in the final match of their World Cup qualifying round tournament. Continuous Korean pressure through the second half and into the 30 minutes of extra time finally paid off with 10 minutes to go.

From a free kick, Ko Jae Wook slammed in a long drive that hammered against the bar. The rebound came straight to the feet of centre forward Kim Jae Han whose first time shot whipped into the net withs Israeli goalkeeper Yitzhac helpless.

The Koreans must now play either Australia or Iran later this year for a place in the 1974 World Cup Finals.

BRITISH coach Brian Birch was the toast of Turkish soccer fans after his club, Galatasaray, had completed the cup and league double in Turkey. Birch, 41, ex-Manchester United and Wolverhampton Wanderers player took over as coach in 1970 and has led them to the league championship for the past three years.

Galatasaray also took the cup this year, beating Ankaragucu on a 4-2 aggregate in the final.

After the match the Ankara crowd gave him a rare accoldade, breaking into a deafening chant of "Sampiyon" (Champion) as he walked on to the field to congratulate his team. One turkish newspaper hailed him as the "Conqueror."

"It has been a remarkable season. Now we are hoping for a decent run in the European Cup," said Birch.

Birch, whose own career was cut short by knee injury, came to Turkish football after coaching assignments in the Phillipines, Australia, Malaysia and a spell with Blackburn Rovers. Apart from bringing Galatasaray success on the playing field, he has largely re-organised the club, putting the accent on youth—the side's average age is 23—and ignoring the transfer market.

Oddly, he says his biggest problem has been to persuade the players to accept defeat. "In Turkey defeats bring shame and this has led to a negative defensive policy in many clubs. I have tried to put the emphasis on attack and convince players it will not be the end of the world if they lose," he added.

This season his main rival has been the legendary Didi, who trains Istanbul's glamour club, Fenerbahce, who finished second. But Birch will soon have more foreign competition. Besiktas, Istanbul's third big club, are looking for an English manager. They are reported to have asked Sir Matt Busby to advise them in their search.

WHO is the greatest goalkeeper in the world? It may surprise most Europeans, ever ready to boost and overrate their own stars, to hear that this "title" may soon be claimed by an Argentinian. Jose Alberto "Perico" Perez is the name of the custodian of River Plate, Buenos Aires, who has recently saved four penalties in eight days!

Tony Currie of England and Kaplichny of Russia contest possession in Moscow.

Perez has already produced several fantastic reflex saves of spot kicks, but only thanks to that incredible series has he hit the headlines all over South America. The match which confirmed his stature was the top-of-the-table clash between River Plate and Huracan. 80,000 fans held their breath, as Argentina's "penalty king" Brindisi fired towards the corner of the net, but Perez dived like a panther and pushed the ball round the post.

Huracan's famed forward line of Avallay, Larossa, Housemann, Brindisi and Babington bombarded River's goal, but couldn't beat Perez! River even took the lead as international winger Oscar Mas scored with a "banana" free kick. But the drama reached its climax two minutes from the end, when the referee awarded Huracan another penalty.

Swarmed

Once again Brindisi was detailed to take the kick and once more Perez saved with an astonishing leap which defied the laws of gravity. And Brindisi had previously converted 29 penalties on the trot! Thousands of fans swarmed on to the pitch at the final whistle to acclaim Perez. They chanted "Amadeo, Amedeo"—meaning that he is worthy of taking over the mantle of the legendary Amadeo Carrizzo, the greatest 'keeper Argentina has produced.

As if to prove that his "miraculous" saves were no fluke, the remarkable Perez stopped a penalty in a midweek friendly in Cordoba and for good measure yet another one in the League match v. All Boys!

Edited by JAMES TYRRELL

DIDI

answers questions posed by GREGORY TESSER

QUESTION: Why are you in Turkey at the present time?

ANSWER: I am earning my living as a journalist, and I hope to do some coaching as well. Frankly, I've come to Istanbul with the intention of making a completely new start. After the last World Cup, I felt really tired of coaching in South America and I badly needed a new environment.

Why did you find life as a manager in South America so mentally exhausting?

Because winning and losing is almost literally a matter of life and death for the South American supporters, and this puts a tremendous strain on both the trainer and the coach. If he is unsuccessful his life can literally be in danger from the fans, and the directors can make your life a living hell! Unlike in England, a South American coach never has a free hand. He is constantly under pressure to make changes or to use a new set of tactics.

Did you gain a lot of experience during your time as a coach in South America?

Yes. I began with Botafogo, where I took a coaching course, then I went to Peru, where I took over Sporting Crystal, the Lima club. This was nearly a decade ago. During this period we did quite well, finishing second in the league championship. And then Botafogo asked me to go back to them for another season. However, this wasn't a success, so when the Peruvian FA approached me to train their World Cup squad, I jumped at the chance.

Peru were acclaimed by the critics in the 1970 world Cup for their attractive attacking style . . .

Yes, but as a coach I wasn't very satisfied with the performance of our defence. We had three shaky goalkeepers in our squad and too many defenders who attacked more than they should have done. The result of all this was that we scored a great deal of goals, but we gave away far too many. If we could have found a reliable goalkeeper plus another dedicated defender, we might even have defeated Brazil.

Why did you leave the post as manager of Peru?

I had some trouble with the Peruvian FA. They did not back me up when I wanted to discipline some of the team who defied the curfew regulations I had imposed in Leon. Later on, in Texas, where I was having treatment for a slipped disc, I learned that during my absence the Peruvian FA had more or less disowned my disciplinary measures, and had given me an assistant coach I didn't want. So I decided there and then to resign and go to the Argentinian club River Plate, where I was appointed coach.

Is it not rather surprising for you to be back in Europe after your previous unhappy experience of European football?

I suppose you refer to the time back in 1959, when I was signed by Real Madrid. Yes, it was an unhappy time for me. Real signed me without consulting Alfredo Di Stefano, but they underestimated his influence on the club. He wasn't willing to play with me and in some games he used to try and make me look ridiculous by giving me passes that dropped just short or when I was certain to be tackled by two players at once.

The sad thing is that with his immense reputation he could get away with it without anybody suspecting anything. If they could have dropped Di Stefano, I might have had a chance, but as it was, nobody was courageous enough to do this. Eventually I was loaned to Valencia, but I was too successful there for Real's liking and they quickly transferred me back to Botafogo.

> **'I doubt if Brazil will reach the semi-finals—it would need a player like Pele to raise their game'**

Do you fancy Brazil to retain the World Cup?

I doubt if they will reach the semi-finals. The trouble is that nowadays Brazil's team and tactics are as well known in Europe as they are in South America. This was evident during last summer's Independence Tournament when Czechoslovakia held Brazil to a draw and Scotland almost did just as well. Like everyone else, the Brazilians have now become obsessed with not losing. Their unbeaten record now stretches back almost three years and every time they play they are aware of it.

It would need a player like Pele to help them raise their game in Munich and without him I don't fancy their chances at all. West Germany is my number one choice, followed by Holland, who have at last organised their team properly. I did feel Scotland had a chance, but that was before Tommy Docherty left to become manager of Manchester United.

Altafini of Juventus and Krol of Ajax.

Juventus flop in Belgrade

Report by ERIC BATTY

THE European Cup Final has come and gone once more and it is now clearer than ever that the great showpiece is no longer an event for the purists. Last year in Rotterdam we had Inter producing a drab, lifeless display in the final and this year, when they promised so much more, Juventus went the same way. Ajax, it must be conceded, were worthy winners on both occasions—though they too display their own particular brand of "careful" football—but the responsibility for allowing the final to flop once more rests on the Italians.

Writing before the event in last month's *World Soccer*, I said I fancied Juventus to give Ajax their stiffest final yet and perhaps even beat them. In coming to this conclusion I was judging the Italians on what I had seen of them in earlier rounds. Unfortunately for everyone they flopped—and badly at that. Perhaps it was the stiffest final for Ajax, but Juventus failed even to put together half a dozen counter-attacks worthy of the description. Indeed they rarely moved at all, except back towards their own goal.

Though the talents of Ajax are clear for all to see, they, just as much as the Italians were playing for a result. This is the malady that has afflicted the modern game to such an extent that much of what passes for football today is not really worthy of the name.

Annual flop

Let there be no mistake about it; this match, from which one expects so much, is fast becoming an annual flop and Ajax were just as much responsible as the Italians.

However, with Ajax getting an early goal (and deciding to hang on to it) it was up to Juventus to carry the game to their opponents, to bring the match back to life by equalising (at least) and they never seriously attempted to do that until it was far too late. Little was seen of Altafini and Anastasi who had combined to oust Ujpest Dozsa and did so much to eliminate Derby.

Anastasi was very closely watched to be sure while Altafini looked like a player well past his best, suddenly, almost overnight grown old. But when one has said this it has to be recognised that even a gifted player like Anastasi needs support and the crude fact is that he never got it.

There is a danger that critics may blame the *Italian conception* of the game but it is clear to me that the same fear of defeat has long since crept into English football too and now controls the game everywhere. Fear of defeat is the root cause and hand in hand with that fear—a general lack of confidence. This must be one of the reasons why attendances are declining everywhere, for even the successful teams give nothing away, and the result is at the very least, midfield deadlock.

It is more than just fielding a free back or *libero*. The West German national team and Bayern Munchen have had one for two years and proved that they can still produce attractive, attacking football. The malaise goes far deeper and is much more difficult to overcome than the simple physical problem of playing round or drawing out, an extra defender at the back.

In any walk of life we must have a fundamental *belief in ourselves*, in our own assessment of situations, in our ability to make decisions. In football management this goes further, for it involves belief in one's players. Tragically this quality appears to have all but disappeared and was certainly notable in Belgrade by its absence. Nobody, not even the much vaunted Stefan Kovacs, appeared to have much faith or relief in anything or anybody.

The Italians, and more particularly those sitting on the bench, were far more responsible for the collapse of the game but no little share of the responsibility must lay squarely with the Dutchmen. True the Italians began to urge their players forward late in the game, but by then it was much too late. Football will continue to suffer until more people in the game begin to believe in the game itself, in themselves and their ability. And while handing out criticism I would like to record my disappointment with Johan Cruyff who can and could (but didn't) produce his skills in Belgrade.

Too much taxes

He bemoans to all and sundry that he pays too much taxes. I would suggest that he starts earning the money he does get. Had Juventus equalised I have little doubt that Cruyff would have begun to play but he too was content to coast while the result was secure.

Of a very different calibre was the UEFA Cup final between Liverpool and Borussia Monchengladbach. Though one must concede that the Germans were lamentably weak in the air (at the back) in the first leg one must applaud them for the belief of their manager Hennes Weisweiler. He attempted at Liverpool what the Germans did to England at Wembley a year earlier. Having failed he remotivated his team to produce a dazzling exhibition in the second leg that took the Germans so close to victory.

Ability and belief are the twin pillars of real football and they are becoming more and more difficult to find.

'...Never the twain shall meet'

"EAST is East," wrote Rudyard Kipling, "and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." He might equally well have been speaking about English and Italian football. For some strange, psycho-biological reason, meetings between the two seem always to end in tears. This season has surely since the last of the ill-started Anglo-Italian Tournament, now attacked as ferociously in Italy as it has been in England.

The reciprocal brutalities, the expulsions, the tiny crowds, the weakened teams, have all conspired and combined to wreck the best laid plans of Gigi Peronace, who at least this year devised the most rational formula the tournament has so far had: quite uselessly. As though such distasteful affairs as Lazio v Manchester United, Newcastle United against Torino, were not enough, we have also had the manifold horrors of two European Cup semi-finals between Juventus and Derby County, complete with Brian Clough's "cheating bastards" outburst in Turin.

After the second leg, in Turin, it became wholly and indelibly clear to me that there could be no meeting of minds. In the *Corriere Dello Sport* of Rome which, as a South Italian paper, should surely have a modicum of detachment from a Northern team like Juventus if anybody had, my old friend and colleague Ezio De Cesari wrote the most blood curdling nonsense about a match which he made to sound more like a war. Indeed, he himself employed the worlds: "It was more like a war than a match and must be judged precisely in that sense. Just imagine that a gladiator like Morini, who had accepted every collision without batting an eyelid, was literally manhandled by that veritable ram that Davies showed himself to be.

"And for Altafinin and Anastasi there wasn't even the possibility to play football, because every time they attempted the shadow of an attacking movement, they had to suffer illicit blows enough to make you shiver, under the indifferent gaze of the Portuguese referee, Lobo, who in ninety minutes whistled perhaps once in favour of Juventus, when he could do no less than send off Davies, who had the barefaced cheek to lay out Morini, only a couple of steps away from him."

I, too, was at the Baseball Ground that night, the only journalist present, I suppose, with a long and deep acquaintance both with British and Italian football. The report by De Cesari, generally one of the most objective and fair minded football journalists in Italy, showed me that there is simply no middle way, no chance of compromise, no remote possibility of a meeting of the minds; showed me that Peronace has never, from the first, had the smallest hope of success with his Anglo-Italian tournament.

Ridiculous

The nature of the Italian defender is to mark man to man, to provoke frequently and maddeningly, and to foul consistently; not always or often with brutality, but just sufficiently to prevent his opponent from beating him. The cumulative effect of this is in incense an adversary. Even the *Corriere Dello Sport* had to concede, in their notes on the match, that Davies was sent off for retaliating against a foul by Morini.

I am not attempting to excuse Davies, though he is certainly one of my favourite young footballers in England. What he did was ridiculous, self-defeating, and a bitter blow to the hopes of his own team. Of course he had to be sent off. Yet I suggest that although Morini, an experienced campaigner, an Italian international, certainly did not plan or expect to be knocked out, he was hoping throughout the game to provoke some such suicidal reaction. Roger Davies, though he is 22 years old,

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BRIAN GLANVILLE sums up Anglo-Italian feeling

Derby County manager Brian Clough.

is still a most inexperienced player, above all in European football, where, especially if you are playing against an Italian defence, you have to learn to live with such hazards.

Joe Baker once told me that when he left Hibernian for Torino in 1961, the first match in which he played saw the the opposing centre-half tap him on the shoulder. When Baker turned round, the Italian stuck two fingers in his eyes. Baker, maddened with the pain, knocked him down, the man rolled about in histrionic agony, and Baker was sent off. Twelve years later, things are much the same, though one must avoid the easy temptation to put all the blame on the Italians.

At Derby, Davies' foul was deplorable if explicable. Almost as deplorable was Daniel's, when Derby's desperate eagerness to score left them exposed to a counter attack by Causio and Altafini, with only Daniel to oppose them. Derby's reserve centre-half promptly hacked Causio down with a cynicism which would not have been out of place in the most hardened Italian defender.

First leg

In Turin, where the first leg was played, it was most ironic that two Derby players, Gemmill and McFarland, should have been booked, and thus suspended for a replay Derby could scarcely hope to win without them, while Juventus' Furino got away with all sorts of violence till late in the second half. Then, very belatedly, Herr Schulenburg, the unimpressive German referee, took his name.

Clough thought Schulenburg had been "got at" by Juventus, which was the cause of his "cheating bastards" accusation after the game. Both John Charles and I tried to get him off the hook, Charles by reddening and disappearing into the dressing-room, I by translating in the first instance, "He doesn't want to talk with people who break the rules." Clough then popped out of the dressing-room again and insisted that I interpret precisely what he had said. I did; with the resultant commotion and controversy.

It was a little much to hear, after the return at Derby, that when he gave his Press interview — at which I wasn't present — he should say to an Italian journalist, "I hope you're a better interpreter than Brian Glanville!" What in the world, I asked myself, did he want? Yet I like and respect the man; which was precisely the reason for trying to save him, initially, from his own indiscretions.

Indiscreet

Juventus were, at the least, highly indiscreet to allow Helmut Haller to visit the referee's dressing-room before the game, but the fact is that Derby were lucky not to give away four or five goals rather than three; and not one major incident was in any way affected by the referee's decisions.

In the Anglo-Italian, it has been business as usual; a blood-bath of a match between Lazio and Manchester United in Rome at the Olympic Stadium, four men sent off when Newcastle played at home to Torino, all kinds of all ill temper and violence in the Blackpool versus Roma match. Alas, it was merely a repetition of what had happened in the previous three seasons; a riot in Naples when Swindon won the first final, expulsions in Rome.

What is a petty obstruction to an Italian is an outrageous provocation to a British player. What is a hard, fair tackle to an Englishman is a brutal assault to an Italian. Years ago Vittorio Pozzo, Italy's remarkable team manager between the wars and a deep connoisseur of British football, wrote that it wasn't the pastry from which the respective players were made that was different; it was the ovens that they were cooked in.

Pleasant

Personally, I believe that both are quite different. Italian football is rotten in the exact sense of the word, British football tends to be rough. For every pleasant, entertaining match such as last year's Juventus v Wolves or Rangers v Torino in the European Cup tournaments, you will get a Lazio v Manchester United; or a Battle of Highbury such as occurred when England beat Italy 3-2 in 1973.

Peronace has done his best this year, but even he must now surely realise that the best thing he can do to improve Anglo-Italian relations, as he wishes, is to abandon his tournament, not continue it.

ATLETICO CLI ON THE VERY

IF there is one thing you can say for certain about Spanish football it's that it usually produces a photo finish on the last week of the season. Either they have arranged the fixtures to coincide with a dead heat or with the showmanship normally reserved for a bull fight, the moment of truth arrives just at the right time.

Still whether by accident or design the result is the same. And for the season recently ended Atletico Madrid finally took the title. As they tumbled in for the last match only Atletico and Barcelona had a chance. Atletico with a point advantage and a home game against second from bottom Coruna were a better bet than Barcelona at home to Real Zaragoza. In the end the games ended with Atletico winning 3-1 and Barcelona dropping a vital point in a 1-1 draw.

And yet after the half-way mark in the season Barcelona had been leading the field with a two point lead over Atletico. Such are the vagaries of football.

On the credit side of the business Atletico scored 49 goals more than any other side in the division but only one more than Espanol who finished third and conceded 29 which left them equal third in the best defence stakes. Manager Max Merkel, not exactly the most popular coach to sit on a bench, but with a record which has earned him a sprinkling of honours—notably when leading Munich 1860 to their greatest triumphs in the 1960s, probably upset more people than he made friends. But Atletico won the League.

He used 21 players during the season and not one of them appeared in every game. Adelardo with 33 appearances, one short of the maximum came nearest. Other leading appearances were: Luis 32; Irureta, Becerra 30; Alberto 28; Benegas 27; Ufarte, Garate 24; Capon 22; Ovejero and Quique 21; Salcedo 19; Rodri, Pacheco, Melo, Iglesias 17; Jayo 16; Eusebio 13; while Leal, Pataco and Orozco completed the staff on senior duty.

"Bad men"

Top scorer was Luis with 16 goals, the second highest total in the Spanish First Division last term. Irureta scored eight and Becerra six.

Ovejero led the Atletico "bad men" being sent off twice in League games against Real and Zaragoza while Benegas was given his marching orders against Betis. Since oddly enough all three opponents were clubs beginning with the same title—Real—it could be said that three times Atletico players were in "real" trouble . . .

But for a club which has had to live in the shadow of Real Madrid such connotations are nothing new. And for 1973 they can say they are champions again for the first time since 1970.

Striker

Best-known players in the squad are veteran striker Luis now in his 35th year and a member of the club since 1963, Jose Ufarte (32) and Jose Garate (28) a trio of forwards hardly in the first bloom of youth but formidable for all that. Defender Adelardo is 33, too, Alberto, Iglesias and Melo all 29.

They combined to present Atletico with their eighth championship title. The first came in 1940 when under the tutorlage of the goalkeeper of legendary fame Ricardo Zamora they won two successes in the League. Founded originally in 1903 they began life as an off shoot of Atletico Bilbao.

Their existence was always a difficulty until they combined with the Aviation Club around the time of the Civil War, using the title Atletico Aviation. In 1947 they became Atletico Madrid again.

'PETER PAN' WEATHERUP

WHEN unfancied Glentoran beat their old rivals Linfield in last season's Irish Cup final I was delighted . . . for one very good reason. The victory, achieved in the face of an injury which kept goalkeeper Alan Patterson sidelined for the whole of the second-half, brought one man what he most wanted, a winners' medal (writes COLIN McALPIN).

That man was Glentoran skipper Jim "Bimbo" Weatherup who in 16 seasons of Irish League football had won every other medal but who was gradually resigning himself to the possibility of having the cup medal escape him.

He's a remarkable man is Jim. Recently a colleague aptly described the dark-haired inside-forward as the Peter Pan of Irish football. At 34, when other people consider pushing through a turnstile enough of a concession to the game, Jim has signed on for another season at least. And knowing Jim it could well be simply another one of many more.

He's been written off so often in the past and stormed back to help the East Belfast club pick up another trophy. He's indestructable, he's still as clever on the ball as ever, he's quite prepared to go on . . . and on . . . and on . . ..

In the dressing-room after the final I congratulated Jim on achieving his ambition of collecting every medal available to an Irish League player and was informed that he hadn't quite finished the "Grand Slam". There was, he pointed out, still the Blaxnit all-Ireland medal to come . . . and come it did. For in the two-leg final against F.A.I. Cup winners Cork Hibs in May Glentoran drew 1-1 at Flower Lodge and won 5-1 at Castlereagh Park. Now, he said, congratulate me!

Jim began his career with Glentoran and then moved to Crusaders. Eight years ago he rejoined the Glens in a move most people raised their eyes at. Even then, you see, he was being written off. He admits, with a smile, that he reckoned he wouldn't last too long at his new club: "I thought I'd be doing well if I lasted until my 30th birthday".

But he was so successful that he took part in the Glentoran tour of the United States. Ironically, if he'd stayed with Crusaders for just one more season he wouldn't have had so long to wait for his cup medal. The season after joining the Glens he was in the side so sensationally beaten by his former club in a classic final.

"That," he recalls, "was a bad moment!"

Last autumn it did seem as if he was on his way out. He was given the job of coaching the youngsters on the Oval books. It didn't last long for when George Eastham was appointed manager he brought Jim back into the first team pool.

"He was a player I always feared as an opponent," explained George, and handed the player the skipper's role when Billy McCullough was injured.

That spell with the juniors has given Jim an appetite. He hopes, if and when he ever gives up playing, to take up coaching seriously.

A shipyard worker and keen brass band baritone player, Jim says of his future: "I don't really like to think of the day I have to stop playing. Honestly, I'm as keen now on the game as I was when I first started. Maybe in 12 months time I'll be ready to pack it in. But at the moment football is giving me no problems at all."

Knowing the likeable Weatherup, one of the most popular players ever to grace the Irish League, I wouldn't put it past him to start a second collection of all the medals. And I wouldn't put it past him to succeed!

NCH TITLE LAST DAY

JACK ROLLIN spotlights the new Spanish champions

Championship number three arrived in 1950 and was followed by another the following term. In 1966 they won their fifth honour and as far as the Cup was concerned Atletico took it in 1960, 1961, 1965 and 1972.

Leading lights

In Europe, they had an early success, carrying all before them in the Cup Winners Cup in 1961-62, showing a little of the substance of Real Madrid hitherto all conquering in the Champions Cup. In those days the leading lights were full-backs Rivilla and Ignacio Calleja, and the left wing pairing of Peiro and Collar. For a time previously the former Brazilian World Cup centre forward Vava had led the attack and in 1958-59 they were close to disturbing Real in the Champions Cup.

It was the semi-final and Atletico forced a play-off with their great rivals. In the end they lost 2-1 but it was an outstanding performance.

Two other Atletico players in that side were Jorge Mendonca and skipper Calleja. Nowadays they are leading the fight for players freedom in Spain (see World Soccer February 1973).

In a long line of managers who have had to face the prospect of leading the second best team in Madrid, Atletico have had such eminent names at the helm as Otto Gloria, Helenio Herrera and Marcel Domingo. Merkel was appointed in 1971-72 and immediately introduced his brand of tough discipline off the field, but an inclination to allow everyone to mix it on the park. Atletico won the Cup last season and now have the League.

For President Don Vicente Calderon any championship title under the nose of Real is a double achievement. Understandably one would imagine that he thinks an Atletico League championship is worth twice as much as one from Real.

Favourites

Long before Atletico were favourites to win the title this season, it seemed that Merkel would be leaving the club at the end of the season. Now it is not so certain. Maybe he will, perhaps he will stay after all. Rumours that Vava would return to lead them might be discounted—or they could come true.

Comparing Atletico's recent success with their other two previous titles it is interesting to note that their 48 points beat the 42 in 1970 and 44 in 1966 quite considerably. Also their 20 wins were two more than in these two earlier campaigns, but of course when you consider they now play 34 games compared with 30 then the current figures are less impressive!

Figures

Moreover the goal rate has dropped alarmingly from 54 scored in 1966 and 53 in 1970 to just 49 in 34 games this time out. And the example of Jose Garate in the scoring line underlines the point. From 1968-69 to 1970-71 he was joint top scorer in Spain for three terms. His figures respectively were 14, 16 and 17.

His total last season was a third of that—just five goals. You can't help getting the impression that with age, the Atletico side has come to terms with the business of winning matches without going to the extreme lengths they might have done in their youth. And it must be of considerable comfort for them to realise that there are two clear places between them and Real Madrid;-a situation which as not happened in this direction on many other occasions.

Giacinto Facchetti and Mauro Bellugi of Italy in action with Leivinha of Brazil. A full report of the current Brazilian tour will appear in next month's World Soccer.

ENGLAND ST
FAIL TO PLE

by ERIC BATTY

AT the end of another season England are British champions once more but beaten in the World Cup tie in Poland they once more failed to give satisfaction. The critics in Fleet Street, uncharacteristically, were already having a go at Ramsey because he had apparently finally decided to abandon the hatchet-man in midfield policy. Though I still cannot agree with his choice of personnel or his tactics, I regard an England side based on 4-3-3 and including Ball, Bell and Peters as the midfield trio as a big step in the right direction.

But this is only the start for none of this trio in my view are up to World Class and in this department of the game it is essential these days to have at least one player in this category.

Surprisingly, one of the critics to knock Ramsey for not including a hard man in the middle of the park was my colleague Brian Glanville. He wrote somewhere recently that even in 4-3-3 there are still wing halves and inside forwards and that England should have more wing halves.

In case anyone should be in any doubt about my views let me state them clearly: wing halves are dead. So, too, are inside forwards. What we have now are midfied players, but it must be recognised that just as there used to be different types of wing half so, too, are there different kinds of midfield player.

Without becoming too technical, we can easily recognise several species. First there are the labourers, the general workers who chase about, being busy everywhere. As a typical example I would cite Ball. Then there are the craftsmen and here perhaps Didi or more topically Netzer is the ideal. These are the men who stroll around, always in the right place to take easy balls and turning or looking up, deliver an inspired pass that launches an attack. They are the generals, the attacking midfield players par excellence.

Next we have what I would call the craftsmen's mates. Players of skill and ability and give lots of good passes to the general as well as purveying good balls around generally. Here I would cite West Germany's pair, Uli Hoeness and Herbert Wimmer, as an example.

Here we leave the realm of creativity to reach some of the less laudable types of midfield player. First the ball winner, usually positioned just in front of the defence as Storey apparently was against Poland. There role is 90 per cent destructive and if they can find the "general" once they have won the ball that is a bonus. Finally there are the hard-men, the kickers whose role is primarily to intimidate the opposition's general, to make him scared and not want to play. England—and the game as a whole would be far better off without them entirely.

When considering a midfield one should always seek to find balance. That is to say, in a midfield trio there should be a right-sided player; a left-sided player and, ideally, a general.

The closest I've seen to an ideal midfield at club level was provided by Borussia Monchengladbach in their second leg against Liverpool: Danner, Netzer and Wimmer. The only problem there is that both Danner and Wimmer are by nature left-footed players. What was really important, however, was that all three players were of the same type i.e. they sought to win the ball by positioning and interception rather than crude tackles, and then, having won it were able to use it wisely and skilfully . . . even take people on.

Deyna of Poland and Madeley of England.

Close-up

Just where England could find the ideal midfield players to suit me is a bit of a problem because most clubs these days prefer the fighting, working, kicking type of midfield player. Skill and intelligence, it seems, are not necessary as long as the player charges about.

Taking a close-up look at the England trio that were so much maligned by the critics, I don't consider any one of them up to the required standards though my reasons differ from those put forward by Brian.

Ball is lacking in vision and inspiration. He can play good short passes and delivers high crosses with the rest. But he is essentially a busy player (and quick tempered . . . too much so for me). A player like Ball, given self-discipline could be useful as a craftsman's labourer, winning the ball, being easy to find by defenders in possession and passing it on quickly and accurately to the general . . . the Netzer type.

Bell is a different proposition altogether, possessed of far greater gifts. Unhappily, though I've seen Bell produce some fine

ILL ASE

performances for Manchester City he has never yet to my knowledge reproduced his club form for England. He is I fear a good player simply not up to the highest international standard, but essentially he is of the right type to play in England's midfield.

Peters, in my view, is either an absolute waste or sheer luxury. Only a ghost of the player he was between 1965 and 1968 it seems to me that since his move to Tottenham he's been allowed to fade out of the game. Intentionally or not that is precisely what he does: disappear for long periods. On days when he doesn't produce at least one goal then it is generally true that Peters might just as well not have played.

Storey and Hunter have been around long enough for us all to be familiar with what they can do. Suffice to say that I dislike the pair of them, wouldn't let them near any team I had anything to do with and they are never, ever England class players. If one wants to destroy then there is a case for including them but my kind of football is creative and there's no place for them.

Channon of England takes on Facchetti of Italy.

Club coach

For a long time now I've been of the opinion that Alf Ramsey has realised that we cannot beat the best in the world by playing real football because we simply are not good enough. Putting this view in the presence of an anonymous First Division club coach I was told . . . "That's not a bad estimate". Though I cannot pretend to know Ramsey's mind, indeed we have not spoken since he was the manager of Ipswich I really believe this is the view he holds.

I share it, and where my opinion is that we in this country must all work harder to become more skilful—and at club level do all we can to encourage the development of talented, skilful, hard-working players—we should be prepared to accept our status and not seek to win matches by producing what I call fight-ball or kick-ball. Football is the game and it's only because of dreadfully weak refereeing that fighters and kickers survive at all.

Returning to the British championship one wonders how much longer the series will last. The biggest justification for its continued existence is that the Irish and Welsh F.A's need the money it brings in but couldn't they do just as well by arranging friendly internationals against foreign opposition? If it comes to it, couldn't the English Football Association agree to pay them £100,000 a year in order not to play them any more?

Every year it's the same with England fans having their hopes raised after what the Press describe as promising or encouraging performances against the other home countries. The plain fact is that while Scotland always rise to the occasion at Wembley they have not for years had a team that could really challenge England. Wales have no depth in players and even at their best lack quality, while the Irish men have in recent years managed to capture some of the spirit that a battle with England seems to bring out in the Scots.

The whole series has an unreal quality to me for it bears no resemblance to the higher standards that are required at world level. England proved that after the game with Poland for they looked to be in a class of their own in Britain.

Workmanlike

Northern Ireland, of course, are like Wales desperately short of players and they do a workmanlike job with what they have available. But I saw them labour not long ago in a World Cup match against Portugal at Coventry and to say the least they were awful.

If Ramsey is trying to change the image of England from the hard-running fighting style of 1966 then I wish him well. Clearly, despite all I've said, Bell is preferable to either Storey or Hunter, but not good enough. I would be hard-pressed to name ideal midfield players from what I saw last season in the First Division but to mention a few of the players that I would give an extended run to are Howard Kendall (Everton), John Hollins (Chelsea), Trevor Brooking (West Ham) in midfield.

Up front I'd like to see a lot of Leicester's Frank Worthington and also Bryan Robson of West Ham. In addition, though where I just don't know, England desperately need a right winger.

Reversed

It seems incredible that I can disagree so often and so consistently with the critics but the criticism in my view of Bobby Moore following his "boob" against Poland was mis-directed. As I saw it Moore expected to be able to find McFarland with an easy ball with his right foot, as Lubanski closed on him. Had the roles been reversed I have no doubt where Moore would have been. In any case, with Colin Todd under suspension who else in England could hope to do as well?

My choice of players above and my admiration for the football produced by Borussia Monchengladbach casts me in the role of an idealist. I know it, and the fact that Borussia were beaten doesn't bother me at all. They play my kind of football with the ball predominantly on the ground being stroked around from foot to foot. Win or lose I'll always take that kind of football because it satisfies the senses, pleases the eye and inspires the soul.

Uruguay will get through, but...

NOBODY doubts that Uruguay will somehow win through to the World Cup finals again when they only have Colombia and Ecuador to beat, but the Uruguayan domestic scene, which never seems to be free of trouble for any length of time, has had its share again.

When Uruguayan coach, Hugo Bagnulo, was put in charge of World Cup preparations at the beginning of the year, he found his country's most experienced players with foreign clubs — Montero Castillo in Argentina, Mazurkiewicz, Ancheta and Rocha in Brazil, Mujica in France, to name but a few — and that he would almost certainly have to do without them.

At the same time the best players remaining in the country belonged, as usual, to Nacional and Peñarol and these clubs would not release them while they were playing in the Libertadores Cup.

Happily for Uruguay's World Cup prospects at least, both clubs were eliminated in the first round and on April 1, Bagnulo was finally able to get together the following squad including seven Nacional and four Peñarol players, but only five who had played in the last World Cup — Santos, Ubiña, Maneiro, Esparrago and Cubilla.

Formation

The squad is the following:

Goal: Hector Santos (Nac.), Luis Aguirre (Huracan-Buceo), Omar Correa (River Plate); **backs:** Luis Ubiña (Nac.), Mario Gonzalez (Peñ.), Walter Olivera (Peñ.), Carlos Cabrera (Danubio), Juan Masnik (Nac.), Gustavo de Simone (Defensor), Juan Aparicio (Hur. Buceo), Mario Zoryes (B. Vista); **halves:** Alberto Cardaccio (Danubio), Nestor Soria (Nac.), Nito de Lima (Hur. Buceo), Victor Esparrago (Nac.), Ilido Maneiro (Nac.), Francisco Bertocchi (Liverpool); **forwards:** Nery Castillo (Sudamerica), Luis Cubilla (Nac.), Denis Milar (Liver.), Omar Rey (Dan.), Fernando Morena (Peñ.), Romeo Corbo (Peñ.), Juan Vasconcellos (Rentistas).

Bagnulo had no further interference from clubs as the Uruguayan First Division championship had not yet started, but on April 26, soccer players, including the above-mentioned national squad, went on strike chiefly over differences with the F.A. about the formation of a committee to draw up new players' contracts. On May 5 a 90-day truce was arranged and World Cup preparations continued.

Uruguay's only international activity last year was their intervention in Brazil's Independence Cup tournament from which they were eliminated after 1-0 defeats by Argentina and Russia and a 1-1 draw with Portugal. This year they have played no internationals and only a couple with Argentina are scheduled before their first World Cup game in Colombia on June 28.

Colombia has also had trouble with its World Cup squad over salaries and bonuses. The players even left the training camp in February until the matter was settled. The squad is much the same as that which played in the Independence Cup, losing to Argentina, France and Africa while only beating the CONCACAF Selection.

Selection

Other international activity last year was confined to a meritorious 1-1 home draw with Peru, but then came a 2-1 defeat against Venezuela. This year Colombia lost 2-0 against the touring East German selection and it is perhaps significant that a few days later, Ecuador put up a much better performance to hold East Germany to a 1-1 draw.

Under Yugoslav coach, Toza Veselenovic, the squad is training at Santa Marta, on the Caribbean coast, and playing practice games only against Colombian teams. Eight of the players are from champions, Millionarios, who have just done quite well in the semi-finals of the Libertadores Cup against the fancied Argentine teams.

Defensively sound and experienced, they are, however, not strongly covered in goal. Their best players, such as versatile Brand, Ortiz and Campaz, are in the half and front line. As a team, however, Colombia are not expected to leave much of a mark.

Three players—possibly a third goalkeeper—were still due to be added to the following squad: **Goal:** Senén Mosquera (Millionarios), Pedro Zape (Dep. Cali); **backs:** Gerardo Moncada (Nacional), Arturo Segovia (Mil.), Luis Soto (Mil.), Oscar Ortega (Magdalena), Jaime Rodriguez (Independiente Santa Fe), Henry Caicedo (Dep. Cali), Joaquin Gonzalez (Mil.); **halves:** Eduardo Retat (Nacional), Hermenegildo Segrera (Mil.), Alejandro Brand (Mil.), Adolfo Andrade (Dep. Cali); **forwards:** Willington Ortiz (Mil.), Saulo Garcia (Dep. Cali), Ernesto Diaz (Ind. S. Fe), Oscar Mejia (Independiente Medellin), Jaime Morón (Mil.), Victor Campaz (Nac.).

Squad

Ecuador's squad were called up under coach Jorge Araque, an Ecuador Army officer, on January 11 and the team has put up some good performances in practice games, apart from the above mentioned 1-1 draw with East Germany and the same score versus Chile, but one poor performance — a 0-0 draw with Bolivia — was enough for Araque to resign and Roberto Resquin, an Argentine who coaches last season's runners-up Nacional, was put in his place. In their latest match, they played quite well to beat Haiti 2-1 at Port-of-Prince.

The squad is:

Goal: F. Maldonado (Nacional), E. Aguirre (Cuenca), E. Mejia (America); **backs:** V. Pelaes (Barcelona), S. Lasso (América), M. Ortiz (Emelec), R. Tobar (Cuenca), E. Portilla (Universidad), R. Guerrero (Emelec), H. Paez (America), J. Camacho (Emelec), M. Perez (Barcelona); **halves:** J. Bolaños (Barcelona), J. Tapic (Liga Universitaria), H. Morales (Nacional), W. Parraga (Olmedo); **forwards:** W. Muñoz (Barcelona), J. Tenorio (Emelec), M. Guime (Emelec), R. Molina (Marcara), C. Rodriguez (Cuenca), I. Estupian (Macara), F. Lasso (Emelec), V. Martinez (Cuenca), G. Castañeda (Universidad), P. Carrera (Nacional).

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Racing Club goalkeeper, Fillol, and Independiente's Giachello (behind him) jump for the ball in the classic derby game between the two neighbours in the Argentine First Division. No. 11 is Merlo (Independiente). The game ended 0–0.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

HURACAN MARCH ON

ARGENTINA

HURACAN continue to blow strong in the Argentine First Division (with six points from their last four games), but they still only lead by one point as they can't shake off River Plate and Independiente. Huracan are still easily leading scorers with three goals in 11 games, mostly netted by Brindisi (9), Avallay (8) and Houseman (6), but River Plate's evergreen winger, Más, has jumped to the top of the scorers table with 12 goals.

No unbeaten teams are left in the championship. Huracan "got their cards" against River Plate who, thanks to close season buys Wolff and Jauregui, are now somewhat sounder in defence. A feast of goals was expected between these high-scoring teams. There was plenty of good football, but only a penalty gave River a 1-0 win, while Huracan failed twice from the spot, which made José Perez—River Plate's goalie, who is somewhat of an expert at stopping penalties—the hero of the day.

San Lorenzo, who maintained form all last year to win both the First Division and national championship and started off well in the league and Libertadores Cup this year, finally struck a bad patch —or is it staleness?—to drop down to sixth place, after losing three of their last four league games.

Current standings are:

1. Huracan 19 pts., 2. River Plate 18, 3. Independiente 17, 4. Boca Juniors 14, 5. Velez Sarsfield, San Lorenzo 13, 7. Estudiantes de La Plata, Argentinos Juniors 12, 9. Racing Club, Atlanta 11, 11. Rosario Central, Chacarita Juniors 10, 13. Colon de Santa Fe, Newell's Old Boys de Rosario 9, 15. Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata 8, 16. Ferro Carril Oeste, All Boys 3.

BRAZIL

BRAZIL: FLAMENGO WINS GUANABARA CUP

Flamengo won the Guanabara Cup, the first of the season's league championships at Rio, by beating Vasco da Gama, with whom they were sharing the lead, by 1-0 in the last match. Arleson scored after 27 minutes of a close game which Vasco finished with 10 men as they had Alfinete sent off during the second half.

Meanwhile, at Sao Paulo, Palmeiras, the current Brazilian champions, and Santos drew 1-1 and continue to share the lead in the Sao Paulo State League.

Guanabara Cup — Final standings

	P	W	D	L	Pts
Flamengo	11	9	2	0	20
Vasco da Gama	11	8	2	1	18
America	11	7	2	2	16

4. Botafogo, 5. Olaria, 6. Fluminense, 7. Bonsucesso, 8. Bagé.

Sao Paulo State League: 1. Palmeiras, Santos 15, 3. Guarani 13, 4. Ponte Preta, Sao Paulo 11, 6. Portuguesa 10, 7. Corinthians 9, 8. America 7.

Bolivia: La Paz First Division leaders are: "A" Section—Bolivar 1, 31 de Octubre 6. "B" Section—Municipal, The Strongest, Ferroviario 6 pts.

COLOMBIA

Colombia: In spite of being short of eight players, who are preparing for the World Cup, Millionarios, last year's champions, share the lead in the "Opening" Championship, with Deportivo Cali, with 23 pts, followed by Medellin and Nacional (18), Cucuta (17), Juniors and Magdalena (15), Independiente Santa Fe (14), Bucamaranga, Quindio (13), Caldas (12), Dep. Pereira and Tolima (11), America de Cali (10).

CHILE

CHILE: Colo Colo and Union Espanola, last year's champions and vice-champions respectively, have been given "leave" from the First Division, the former to concentrate on the South American Club Championship (in which they have reached the final) and the latter because they had a lot of players on tour with the national team.

Without them, standings were as follows after three games: — 1, Antofagasta 5; 2, O'Higgins, La Calera, Concepción, Huachipato, Green Cross, Rangers 4; 8, Naval, Magallanes 3; 10, La Serena, Universidad Catolica 2; 12, Lota Schwager, Wanderers, Palestino 1; 15, Universidad de Chile, Union San Felipe 0.

PARAGUAY

PARAGUAY First Division: 1, Libertad 14; 2, Cerro Porteno 13; 3, Nacional 12; 4, Olimpia 10; 5, Sol de America 9; 6, General Caballero ; 7, Rubio Nu 7; 8, Sportivo Luqueño, Guarani, River Plate 6.

PHILIP EVANS looks back on the

COMIC-B ENDING MILAN

I WROTE last month about theatre, a few days before a theatrical ending to the Italian league season such as a comic-book script writer would blanche to suggest. Just look at the results that mattered: Verona 5—A.C. Milan 3, Roma 1—Juventus 2, Napoli 1—Lazio 0.

Having championed A.C. Milan I will stay by them. This despite their craven performance in the Cup Winners Cup final against Leeds who should have had three penalties, and given them (or one at most) may have run riot against a team incapable of playing as it can play. But all things are relative, and there is no doubt but that within the Italian context Juventus won the title with immeasurably less style than Milan would have done.

The Turin team turned in during the eight months perhaps a handful of performances that warmed the heart—and these when Altafini was able to impart some *brio* to their play. Milan, on the other hand, spent much of the season making people wonder how they could fail to be the most attractive team to win the league title for a dozen years—this despite the debilitating absences of Prati, in his day a striker of grace and intuition.

Evaporated

I was present at the game—against Fiorentina and just before the first meeting with Derby—when Juventus' chance of clinching the title seem to have definitively evaporated. In the Fiorentina dressing-rooms after the match I said to Nils Liedholm that I thought Juventus essentially a two-man side—meaning that when Furino was unable to control the front of the defence and Causio was unable to launch their attacks, Juventus looked excessively pedestrian; and that for all Anastasi's gifts and Altafini's marvellous experience. With Furino we failed to see eye to eye; with Causio, we concurred completely.

He's a fine player, Causio—easily the most impressive Italian in the European Cup Final against Ajax when his close control, his sharp eye for an opening, his athleticism were evident for all to see. Capello is a midfield general of grace and intelligence, but not really accurate enough in his passing for the role he is given; Anastasi has been something of a hybrid all year—neither attacking fowl nor midfield fish (or vice versa) and Altafini has been glorious because of, not despite, his years.

Apprentice

Time after time he has played with the zest of an apprentice, time after time he has scored important goals (and a vital one against Roma to take his total in Italian league football to the 200 mark), time after time he has looked what he is—an ageing genius who will soon be welcomed by the Chelsea Casuals as a front-runner for the penetrative passes of their lunging left-back.

All this ignores the defence—essentially misanthropic rather than solid - with - a - naughty - thought - towards - attack. Spinosi is a fine player, Morini one in a style euphemistically known as robust, Salvadore a clever sweeper, Marchetti a promising back. It is to Zoff, I suppose, that one should bow lowest—a fine goalkeeper on almost any day, capable of the perennial goalkeeping mixture of safety married to the spectacular. I know that he was sad at having been a reserve in Mexico in 1970; and very much hope that he stays hale until next summer so that a wider world can see his talents on display.

As for Milan—where do you start. Perhaps with the illness of Cudicini, one that left Rocco with two young goalkeepers and made him realise that games can be won by scoring more goals than the opposition as well as by conceding fewer. He could not have known, in September, that Gianni Rivera would have a season that dispelled the doubts of his sternest critics, that game after game he would produce those pin-point passes, those gazelle-like runs through the middle, those many goals (enough to make him equal top scorer for the season).

Performance

I did not see Milan travel to Sampdoria and win 4-1. Those who did were left burrowing in the lockers of their memory for a performance to match it; and when you hear names such as Schiaffino being drawn out, you weep at your absence. A player of the highest gifts, exercising them to the highest degree.

And there was Chiarugi, who set something of a record for having goals disallowed for delicate technicalties, for having hit woodwork with awful regularity. Of course he's impossible, but his goal against Leeds a fine reminder how very good he and his fellow-strikers in the Italian league can be when it comes to dead-ball situations. Bigon is less talented, and thankfully, less self-indulgent. Tall and lithe, he can be formidable indeed on firm pitches, a perfect foil to Rivera's probing passes and Chiarugi's crazy bursts.

Benetti is Benetti is Benetti—a player of great vigour, capable of nasty fouls, equally capable of grabbing the midfield by the scruff of the neck and imposing upon it a robust authority that remains highly effective. I talked to him on the day when Milan scandalously dropped a home point to Cagliari thanks to a penalty in the dying seconds when all previous arbitrary help had been wasted. He was limping, injured (a case of the biter bit) and obsessed merely by the thought of what he might have done had he played the full ninety minutes at full speed. He remains a curious mixture of rustic charm and fundamental aggression but a player Italy may need badly at this time next year.

Crucial

It was in defence that Rocco was served least well. Schnellinger played his heart out for him—and his absence against Verona must have been crucial. But Schnellinger is thirty-four now, awfully slow to warm up before a game, prone to silly little injuries. And Rosato likewise, his physique so contradictory—all bone and sinew, but often in the wrong place at the wrong time, if you see what I mean. Dolci was the younger player who served Rocco as a stopper; and that left Rosato playing as *mediano*—a role he was never qualified to fulfil in absolute terms, and fulfilled this season with some degree of desperation.

Sabadini emerged as a fullback of speed, confidence and authority—as those who saw him in younger days with Sampdoria knew he would. He gets to the byline in the English full-back fashion (that is to say now and again and effectively enough to make you wonder why he doesn't attempt the ploy more often) and can cross a ball with Rivera-like precision. But only three clubs conceded more goals than Milan, and that tells something of a tale.

Rocco gambled, should have won, and lost. One can only hope that he does not become too scarred, does not look at bad logic—that game would have been won against Verona had Schnellinger played, had his players not been emotionally and physiologically drained after the game against Leeds three days earlier.

Lazio—with half as many goals as Milan—were the most fascinating team. Re Cecconi is a player not yet known outside Italy—and I hope that is put right soon. Fair-haired and fast, he spent three seasons

1972-73 season in Italy and says...

OOK AS SLIP

with Foggia before being picked up on the cheap by Lazio and during the season emerged as a midfield player of great athleticism and inventiveness. Another *incognito* was Garlaschelli—dark-haired and fast, brilliant at quick-passing movements close to goal, a perfect foil to the lumbering authority of Chinaglia. Wilson grew in stature during the season into a rude sweeper of authority; Frustalupi played from first to last with dignity and imagination. It was a fine team performance, one that reflected great credit on the manager, Maestrelli.

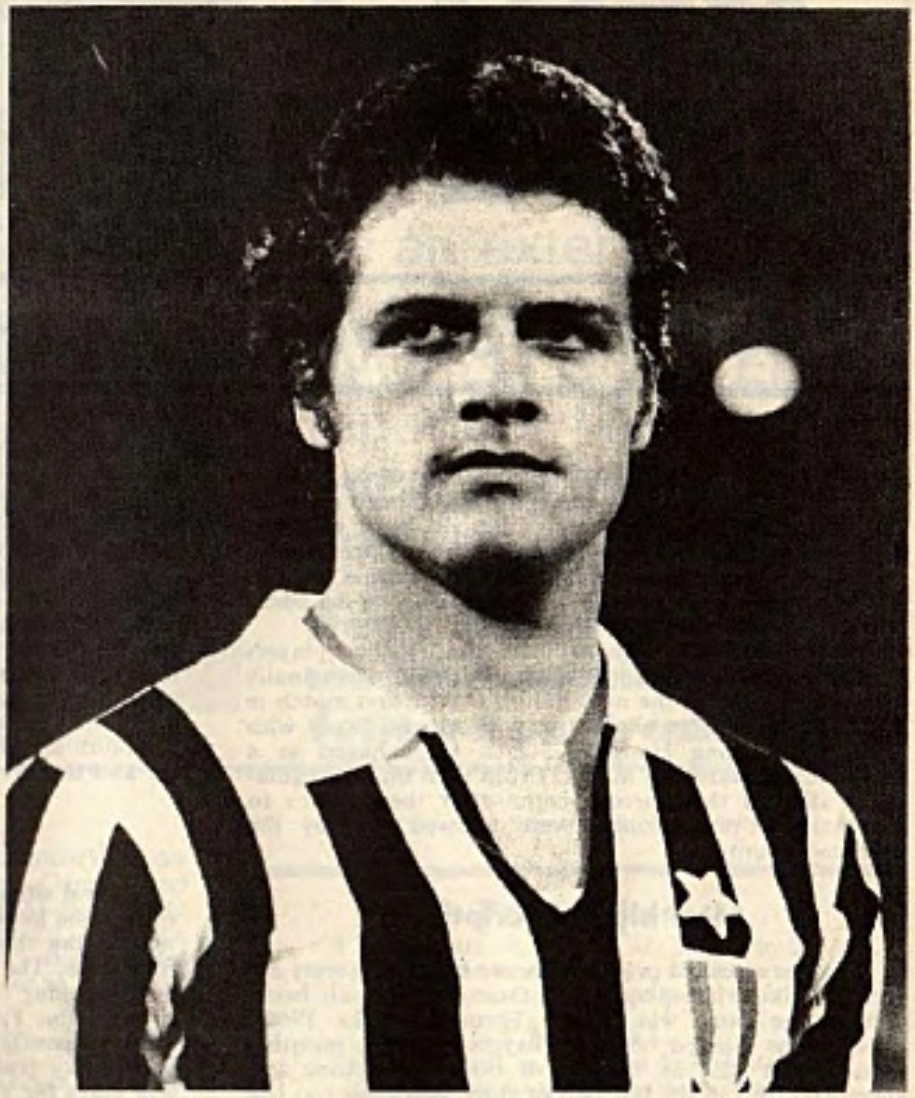
Stagnation

Fiorentina and Inter came fourth in that order on goal difference. Liedholm plugged on with his policy of throwing young players to the lions and it worked to some degree. Certainly the defensive stagnation that crippled the Tuscan team the previous year was eroded; Antognoni was brought to the eyes of a wondering world; Clerici remained a central attacker of skill and danger; Scala, De Sisti, Orlandini and Merlo all midfield players who could show off neatly enough when they felt able.

Inter squabbled from start to finish, and for a team of their pride were duly humbled. I don't want to waste space on them at this point, save to say that some of their players needed a very good kick up the cocyx. And Torino—for all Pulici's goals—were another team to disappoint their supporters, Sala much less imaginative than he had been the previous season, Bui injured for too long.

Bologna started disastrously, recovered, settled, had Savoldi to score goals and Fedele to look stylish in defence. Cagliari started famously, slumped, recovered, had Riva to score some goals, had no one to play to him. Cera began to show his age in defence, Domenghini had other things on his mind (including the odd law suit), Nene injured too easily, and Niccolai sailed perilously close yet again towards pastiche of the stoppers art.

Both came out of the season better than Napoli or Verona—the former a team of young players who desperately needed an avuncular figure on the pitch to drive them on; the latter a clutch of nondescripts who always seem capable of playing better than they have any right to.



Fabio Capello of Juventus.

Roma sacked Herrera, were one of four teams to finish on 24 points and thus abysmally close to relegation. Most managers have known disastrous seasons, but Herrera's dogmatism deserves little sympathy; and squabbles within the club belied his authoritarian reputation—all in stark contrast to the splendid sense of teamwork that Lazio managed to exude.

Sampdoria, Vicenza and Atalanta were the others to finish third from the bottom—with the last going down on goal difference on the final day of the season. An interesting one this—and it takes us back to theatre. Before that last game Atalanta had 24 points and a goal differential of 16-23; Lanerossi Vicenza, due to visit them, had 22 points and a goal differential of 14-31.

The final score? Atalanta O Lanerossi Vicenza 1; and when I tell you that the crucial score was an own goal—then reach for your handkerchiefs. Particularly if you work the thing out in terms of goal average—which would have relegated Vicenza by one thousandth of a point.

It could have been a better season and wasn't. That was hardly the fault of the leading clubs, rather of those in the middle reaches of the table who surrendered too quickly. You have to feel sorry for Milan, if only because they scored twenty more goals than Juventus, if only because they went out time and again and played brilliantly geometrical and fascinating football.

It is this, I think, that made me bold recently when a friend asked the reason for my masochistic interest in the Italian game. Like so many Englishmen he has never seen an Italian league game, has prejudices (and deep ones) that come second-hand.

"Ah," I said, groping through alcoholic haze for a neat piece of imagery, "it's like being a dustbinman. You know you're living with muck, but occasionally you find a jewel, a lump of gold."

A fifty-metre pass from a Rivera or an Antognoni hit with breathtaking precision; a feint and run from a Mazzola; a *bomba* from a Riva or a Chiarugi—these are things you see but never in a whole season of watching English football, shots in the arm that keep you bright-eyed and ingenuous.

BEST PLAYERS ARE ABROAD

Post-war survey . . . by Eric Batty

PROFESSIONALISM has been the big talking point in Danish football circles since the war though everyone is agreed they have no chance of introducing it at home. The arguments have raged around whether the foreign based pro's should be welcomed into the national team or whether they should struggle on—true blue—in the backwaters.

In 1969 with more than 60 of the country's best players at that time playing abroad, the professionals were finally allowed to play for the national team. The first match in which the pros were allowed provided a real boost with Denmark beating Hungary 3-2 in Copenhagen in a World Cup qualifying match. From then on the regulations allowed that three months after their return to Denmark ex-professionals were allowed to play for club and country.

Monthly subscription

Now the re-called pro's and home-based amateurs are treated alike when playing for their country—all being offered the same win bonus. Throughout the 1960's many clubs insisted on their players paying a monthly subscription just as they have done from time immemorial. But in the last two or three years this too has gone by the board. As real amateurs they were, it was felt, under no compulsion to train and though frowned upon at first it is now common for Danish clubs to pay their players a small bonus for training.

Between the 60's and 1970 attendances fell drastically and for a small country there will never be any chance of real professionalism. As it is with gates flickering around 5,000 per game many clubs have a hard time economically with travelling expenses and ground costs ever spiralling upwards. In Copenhagen the problem is most acute for there in a small city are KB, Hvidovre, Akademisk Boldklub and B.1903 with other clubs not far away by car and train.

Novel situation

A novel situation was created when Bronshoj wanted to engage the international inside forward Finn Laudrup who was at the time a professional in Austria with Wiener Sportklub. The two clubs agreed terms, Bronshoj had an understanding with Laudrup but the deal fell through because the FA refused to sanction the payment of a £5,000 transfer fee. Amateur clubs they told Bronshoj cannot pay transfer fees. Finally he did come back and now plays for Vejle BK.

		P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	Pts
1945-46	B.93 Copenhagen	18	13	2	3	61.29	28
1946-47	Akademisk Boldklub	18	12	4	2	56.36	28
1947-48	KB Copenhagen	18	16	1	1	48.13	33
1948-49	KB Copdnhzbdn	18	12	3	3	37.17	27
1949-50	KB Copenhagen	18	12	4	2	36.11	28
1950-51	Akademisk Boldklub	18	11	6	1	34.15	28
1951-52	Akademisk Boldklub	18	12	2	4	46.21	26
1952-53	KB Copenhagen	18	14	2	2	43.25	30
1953-54	Koge	18	10	3	5	45.34	23
1954-55	AGF Aarhus	18	9	6	3	38.24	25
1955-56	AGF Aarhus	18	10	5	3	48.25	26
1956-57	AGF Aarhus	22	18	3	1	53.31	39
1958-59	Vejle BK	22	12	6	4	66.32	30
1959-60	B.1909 Odense	22	14	5	3	47.28	33
1960-61	AGF Aarhus	22	13	6	3	52.32	32
1961-62	Esbjerg	22	15	3	4	52.18	33
1962-63	Esbjerg	22	17	3	2	61.16	37
1963-64	Esbjerg	22	15	3	4	56.28	33
1964-65	B.1909 Odense	22	14	5	3	47.28	33
1965-66	Esbjerg	22	12	7	3	53.24	31
1966-67	Hvidovre	22	11	9	2	40.16	31
1967-68	Akademisk Boldklub	22	14	3	5	42.28	31
1968-69	KB Copenhagen	22	13	3	6	50.26	29
1969-70	B.1903 Copenhagen	22	15	4	3	58.25	34
1970-71	B.1903 Copenhagen	22	11	5	6	56.36	27
1971-72	Vejle BK	22	13	3	6	61.40	29
1972-73	Vejle BK	22	16	1	5	65.33	33

LEADING SCORER

K. Hansen (B.93)	12
J. Ronvang (k. Boldklub)	11
J. Hansen (Frem)	13
K. Hansen (Ak. Boldklub)	11
H. Sebach (Ak. Boldklub)	12
K. Lundberg (Ak. B'dklub)	11
F. Rechendorff (Ak. Boldklub)	14
H. Lyngsa (KB)	12
J. Christensen (Ak. Boldklub)	12
G. Keldberg (AGF Aarhus)	13
O. Nielsen (Ak. Boldklub)	14
J. Jensen (AGF Aarhus)	19
H. Enoksen (Vejle BK)	20
K. Lerby (B.1903 Co'hagen)	19
H. Neilsen (Frem)	19
J. Ravn (KB Copenhagen)	26
H. Enoksen (AGF Aarhus)	24
M. Haastrup (B.1909 Od.)	21
J. Eavn (KB Copenhagen)	21
J. Bjerregard (AGF Aarhus)	18
H. Enoksen (AGF Aarhus)	16
L. Neilsen (Frem)	15
C. Holmstrom (KB Copen.)	23
O. Forsing (B. 1903)	19
O. Forsing (B.1903)	24
U. Brage (KB Copenhagen)	19
J. Marcussen (Vejle BK)	16

DENMARK

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES:

KB Copenhagen	12
B.1893 Copenhagen	9
Akademisk Boldklub	8
B.1903 Copenhagen	7
Frem	6
AGF Arhus	4
Esbjerg	4
Vejle BK	3
B.1909 Odense	2
Koge	1
Hvidovre	1

FA CUP VICTORIES:

AGF Aarhus	5
Vejle BK	4
Randers Freja	3
Aalborg BK	2
B.1909 Odense	1
KB Copenhagen	1
Esbjerg	1
B.1913 Odense	1
Frem	1

Jairzinho of Brazil against West Germany.

BRAZIL IN EUROPE...

The 1970 World Cup winners have been on an extensive tour of Europe and Africa. WORLD SOCCER reporters have been making a detailed analysis of Brazil.

Don't miss next month's special feature on Brazil '73

The total number of players leaving Denmark is now approaching 200—since the 1948 Olympic Games—and was accelerated in 1968 when the United States tried to introduce professional soccer. The demand has been constant, however, with the best players being creamed off every season to leave the game at home in a state of continuous flux.

As a result of this constant movement good sides become poor ones almost overnight; struggling teams one season do well the next and those who can develop their own youngsters (and keep them) are almost assured of good results.

These difficult circumstances have produced some unusual events that probably could never have occurred in other countries. For example, Randers Freja then in Division II won the FA Cup twice in consecutive years in 1967 and 1968.

One of the oldest clubs B.1903 Copenhagen also figured in a surprise when promoted in 1969 with a team that averaged only 21 years they took the league title at the first attempt—their first success for 31 years.

But pride of place for achievement must be given to the Copenhagen club Hvidovre. In 1962 they languished in Denmark's Fourth Division and then in four years of unbroken success they were promoted in successive seasons to win the First Division championship at the first attempt in 1966. Strangely the foreign link worked in reverse here for their manager was one Mario Astori . . . and Italian.

FA CUP FINALS

Randers Freja	1	Akademisk Boldklub	0
Randers Freja	3	Vejle BK	1
KB Copenhagen	3	I Frem	0
Aalborg BK	2	BK Lynby	1
B.1909 Odense	1	Frem	0
Vejle BK	2	Fremad Amager	0
Randers Freja	2	B.1901 Nykobing	0

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BELL

EUROPE

Turks gain point but no friends

SWITZERLAND'S chances of qualifying for the World Cup finals have sunk considerably — if not yet disappeared altogether — when the national side managed only a goalless home draw with Turkey. The match which in view of the modest calibre of the opposition, attracted a remarkable crowd of 52,000 to Basel's St. Jakob stadium on Wednesday night, was not the best advertisement for international football.

But for that, little blame should fall on the Swiss who fought with courage, determination and skill but alas, were unable to pierce a nine and sometimes ten-man defence. Although the Turks have no chance of qualifying themselves for the world finals, they came to Basel intent on getting an "honourable" result.

Such is the current state of international football that even a 0-0 score line is considered a success, as the visitors demonstrated with their dance of delight — "Turkish delight" — sorry, I just couldn't resist this quip — as the final whistle sounded to relieve the siege of their goal.

Superior

Not since those "epic" battle to overcome such other soccer nonentities as Cyprus and Malta, has the Swiss national team enjoyed such territorial superiority. For 92 minutes — Hungarian referee Emsberger generously added a couple for Turkish time wasting — the Helvetians pounded away at the tough, quick tackling and pluck but mostly lucky opposing rear guard. But rarely, to paraphrase the words of an immortal non-footballer, has so little been achieved by so few against so many!

In other words, the non-stop offensive brought several chances but the goal which the Swiss so badly needed and so richly deserved, simply would not come. Two of their finest opportunities fell oddly enough in the closing minutes, when first Demarmels saw his shot brilliantly held by the agile Turkish keeper Sabri and with the almost last kick of the match Balmer fired just over the bar, to the thundering growl of disappointment from the vast crowd.

Chances

Now only a miracle will send the Swiss into the 1974 world finals next year. They should collect maximum points from the home match v. Luxembourg, but will get little change from their visits to Turkey and particularly Italy, who now look set to qualify from this group.

Switzerland's defence remains the strongest part of the team, but this is obviously not enough to win matches. The lack of a genuine striker to convert chances created by those two midfield aces Odermatt and Kuhn is their greatest handicap. Until they find goal-getters of international class the Swiss will remain just among the also-rans.

Here it is worth noting that unlike in some other countries the sober Swiss critics do not immediately slay their national manager when the team has failed. The Swiss Press, in common with commentators in their other medias, recognise the problems facing Bruno Michaud and realise that he cannot produce better results unless his playing material is improved.

Standards

His resources are limited and though the public at large have their own favourites, who they feel merit inclusion, the plain truth remains that there simply aren't any better players available. The recurring suggestions, that full professional football would lead to higher playing standards cannot be seriously entertained.

In this small country there is simply not enough support to make soccer clubs economically sound. Only some of the imported foreign stars can afford to live on their earnings from football. All Swiss players — and this is a condition as laid down by the SFV (FA) — must have a trade or profession, making soccer just a part-time occupation.

In the set up like this, it is a wonder that the national side are capable of putting on such heartening performances as those 1-1 and 0-0 draws against the professional might of England (1971) and Italy (1972) respectively.

On the domestic front Basel continued their march toward the championship trophy. It is difficult to see anyone being capable of a sustained challenge to overtake the title holders. Cup winners FC Zürich have dropped out of the race and thus the onus is strongly on Basel to retain their crown. Closest rivals Grasshoppers are now on the look out for a new manager after they decided to part company with René Hüssey, who still have the best record in this country with 16 championship wins and 13 cup triumphs, are strangely enough not as well supported as their local rivals FC Zürich (five times champions, four times cup winners). The Grasshoppers fans are, however, tired of playing second fiddle to the FCZ and as usual it is the manager who is expected to provide success.

'Such is the state of international football that even a 0–0 score line is considered a success'

SWITZERLAND

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Whitewash

The parting was honestly described as being due to differences of opinion, instead of the tiresome whitewash about "mutual consent". But it doesn't conceal the fact that it was timed badly. The team are still well placed in the League race and although Hüssy will fulfil his obligations till the end of the season, the damage even if only psychological, has already been done.

It is possible that he might be offered the position of national manager in a full time capacity, since Bruno Michoud's appointment was only of a temporary nature.

EUROPE

HUNGARY OUT OF WORLD CUP

by LESLIE VERNON

HUNGARY are out of the World Cup. A 3-3 draw at home to Sweden leaves Hungary with no chance of qualifying for the finals. Sweden have only to win by two clear goals in Malta on November 11 to clinch their place. Victory by less than two goals, or a draw or defeat would put Austria through.

A couple of weeks ago, I was sitting in Terminal One of London Airport, minding my own business, reading an old edition of *Nepsport*, the Hungarian sports daily. Suddenly an unusually large gentleman materialised from nowhere and said to me in Hungarian.

"Don't waste your time with that load of rubbish!" Since I am the London correspondent of that excellent (naturally!) journal, I felt duty bound to defend it against such an unwarranted attack.

Competitions

"They keep on kidding us that we've got a chance in the international competitions. The truth is that we have forgotten how to play football", he countered. After this typical Central European opening gambit, we formally introduced ourselves, and my new-found friend(?) even pretended to know my name.

It transpired that he was a civil engineer (obviously a football-expert) visiting England (Rochdale to be precise), and was on his way home to suffer some more Hungarian succer.

"I never go to a match these days," he said. "It is just not worth it."

"Then how do you know that it is so bad?" "Oh, I hardly ever miss a game on television. Sometimes the standard of play is so terrible that I even prefer to have a chat with my wife."

Few drinks

"Why do you think they are playing badly?" "Well, every footballer has a car, a house and a safe job. Why should they break their necks?" If they feel like going out one night to have a few drinks, they do it. After all, they have nothing to lose."

"Still, I do hope that they get into the World Cup Finals", said I, with a glimmer of hope that at least we might agree on one point. "I couldn't care less," he answered. "If we happen to qualify, we'll get stuffed by everybody. Look what happened at Munich—even the Poles beat us."

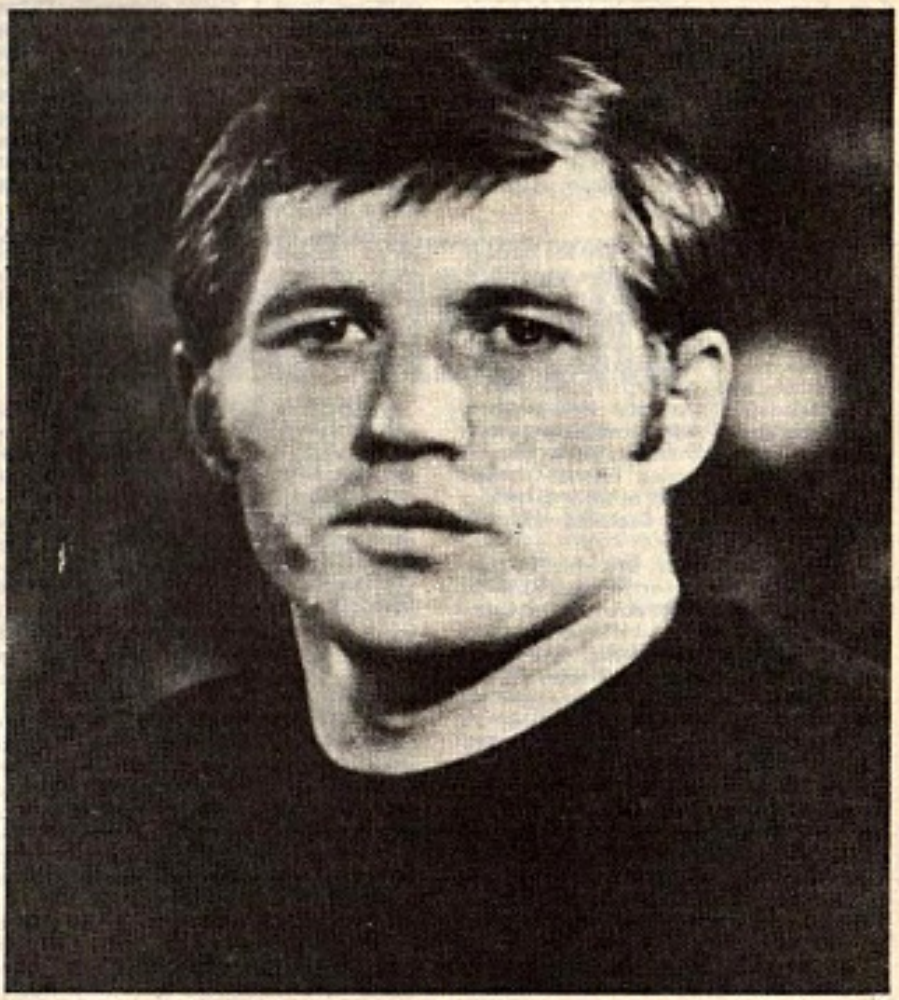
My visitor arrived and I had to say goodbye to the guy, who asked me to convey his best wishes to Bobby Charlton. (So Bobby, if you are reading this . . .) I am reporting this dialogue not merely to prove that the art of brilliant conversation is not completely dead, but because it also shows the mentality of the average Hungarian soccer fan in 1973.

He is envious of the players' affluence, which is in any case highly exaggerated by gossip. He has lost faith in the entertainment value of the domestic game, partly because of its dullness, partly because of the "old pals act" which makes every surprise result suspect.

And above all, he is prepared to support the game only from an armchair in front of a TV set.

Neither he or I will now have to worry about how the Hungarians fare in West Germany. The implications of not qualifying are not yet known; the country is stunned. To be eliminated without losing a game—Hungary won two, and drew four, of their matches—is hard to swallow.

Next month I will report more fully on the subject. At present, I am more than a little sad.



Geczi, the goalkeeper of Ferencvaros and Hungary.

GREAT BRITAIN

SCOTLAND

by Alex Gordon

Hampden in September —vital date

SCOTLAND will reach the World Cup Finals in Munich next year. That is my firm prediction despite the fact that Willie Ormond's men could only manage one win in the Home International Championships and Czechoslovakia, the only remaining qualifying hurdle, crammed six goals into the Danish net last month in their match in Prague.

According to reports this was a very impressive performance by the Czechs against lowly Denmark, but I would not read too much into this scoreline. The Danes are hardly a force in world soccer and, remember, this was their final qualifying game and they realised they had nothing at stake.

The Czechs went 46 minutes before finding their way past the Denmark barrier and after that it could have gone into double figures. The situation now reads that Scotland are top of the table with four points from two games with the Czechs second with three points from two games. The Scots have scored six goals and lost one and Czechoslovakia have hit seven goals and lost one. In the event of a tied section this would put the Czechs through to Munich on goal-difference, but I am afraid all their frantic efforts against the Danes will be blown sky-high at Hampden on September 26.

Skill

If Scotland win this one they are through to the Finals for the first time since 1958. And I don't think Ormond's team will let their rivals off the hook. There is a determined urgency about the team and there is also a fair bit of skill flowing through it. At Wembley, when one slip in concentration cost Scotland the game, the Scots looked a more than useful side. Obviously there is still room for improvement, but as long as there are no shattering injuries to key players Scotland should be able to field a side too good for Czechoslovakia at Hampden.

There is Ally Hunter, of Celtic, in goal. He is not spectacular or showy and at 23 he can only get even better with experience. He is safe and agile and takes no risks around his goal area. His save from England's Allan Clarke at Wembley proved that. The Leeds chance-snatcher got up above the Scottish defence to meet an Alan Ball corner from the right wing and sent in a drooping header.

It looked as if it would go well over the the bar, but Hunter was prepared for anything and when the ball suddenly dropped down on top of him he was there bravely ignoring the goal post to turn the ball over the bar. He collided with the post and had to have attention, but he accepts this as part of his job.

At the back also there is the uncompromising Jim Holton, the Manchester United giant no player in his right senses would relish meeting. Beside him at Wembley was the classy Derek Johnstone, of Rangers. Derek has yet to celebrate his 21st birthday, but he passed his soccer coming of age several seasons ago.

There is also Celtic discovery Danny McGrain, Manchester City's talented Willie Donachie and Rangers' speedy Sandy Jardine. In midfield you don't have to look far for talent. It is there in the shape of Manchester United's wizard Willie Morgan, Hibs' forceful Pat Stanton, Leeds dynamo Billy Bremner and Celtic's never-say-die Davie Hay. Up front there is Colin Stein, Kenny Dalglish, Lou Macari, Joe Jordan and Derek Parlane. And don't forget players such as George Graham, scorer of both goals in the opening 2-0 win over Wales at Wrexham, Archie Gemmill and Asa Hartford.

Talent

The basis of a team worthy of a place in any World Cup is there. I don't think the Czechs can match that for all-round talent although I would never under-estimate them. They were good enough to draw 1-1 with England in Prague only weeks after Sir Alf's men had beaten Scotland. They have World-class players in goalkeeper Ivo Viktor and Ladislav Kuna, the midfield play-maker. Right-back Karl Dobias is another top-class star and they will certainly need all his defensive capabilities to deal with the onslaught that will hit them at Hampden.

Keeper Viktor was their top man last summer in the Mini-World Cup in Brazil when they held Scotland to an 0-0 draw. However, he is by no means invincible. Remember the last World Cup in Mexico when he appeared to be yards slow in going for a Rivelino free-kick that brought Brazil back into the game after they had been shocked by a goal from Petras?

I recall also when Viktor played against Celtic at Parkhead in the 1967 European Cup semi-finals. It was the first leg and Celtic were determined to run up a score that would keep them safe against Dukla in Prague. Viktor came to Scotland with a tremendous reputation built up by enthusiastic members of the Czechoslovakian Press. But Ivo didn't impress that night as Celtic galloped to a 3-1 win. He looked uncertain with long-range shots and was definitely not happy when challenged in the air.

And again he lost a goal from a free-kick! The scorer this time was Willie Wallace with a fierce first-time drive from 25 yards after Bertie Auld had touched the ball to him. Viktor didn't even move as the ball has gained more experienced since that match and the game in Mexico against Brazil, but just one slip at Hampden and that will be enough to put Scotland on the road to Munich . . . and the Czechs reeling found the net.

Bonus

It is almost certain (surprise! surprise!) that the Scottish players will be given a cash bonus if they beat the Czechs in this game. If the SFA decide to splash out it will only be the third time that they have offered a boost of this sort to the players.

Unfortunately, the other two times in the past it hasn't been collected! One was in Naples against Italy when Scotland had to win to qualify for the 1966 World Cup in England . . . Italy won 3-0. The other time was in the Home International Championship when they had to top the table to reach the finals of the European Nations Cup. England qualified.

I am certain, though, that there will be no hat-trick of bonus losses. By the way, I hope that England get over the shock of losing 2-0 to Poland in Katowice last month and go on to qualify for West Germany.

There is, of course, another reason for your humble columnist wanting England to reach Munich. It would be a dream come true if somehow on the gala day of the final for the world's most coveted trophy the two teams in opposition were Scotland and England. I'll leave it to you to work out Scotland's winning margin . . .

USA and CANADA ...

Pike has problems

WITH a number of last year's national team pool under suspension as a result of a dispute on the west coast, Frank Pike, (last year's national team coach), faced with a difficult task in the selection of his players —for the match against Arsenal last month.

As yet Canadian soccer is not blessed with a great many talented players who qualify as Canadians. Undoubtedly if the current boom in minor soccer is maintained then this situation will change but until that time whoever is selected to coach Canadian teams in the future will find themselves faced with an extremely difficult task.

Frank Pike then, with the ludicrously short period of one week in which to prepare his players for the Arsenal game, found himself forced to go for players who do not qualify to play for Canada in order to produce a team of even reasonable calibre.

Experience

Six of those selected out of 15 actually qualify to play for Canada and will benefit from this experience which was the original intention of the visit. They are former West Bromwich Albion player Glen Johnson, who has been given a free transfer outside of the British Isles and is currently without a club; Bruce Twamley, who is with Ipswich Town and played the season in their very successful Combination League team; Bobby Lenarduzzi, an 18-year-old centre back who played the last five games of the season in the Reading first team; plus Kevin Grant and Jimmy Douglas both Canadian internationals who play for Hamilton Croatia and St Catherines Heidelberg respectively.

The sixth player is goalkeeper Zeljko Bilecki who was born in Zagreb and learned his soccer in the Dinamo youth teams. Having played for Toronto Croatia ever since coming to Canada he has just obtained his Canadian citizenship and will be a great asset in the future.

Another player who will shortly qualify for citizenship is Alija Solak who started his career with Famos in Sarajevo and has played for Toronto Croatia for the past four years. A talented winger, Solak will be part of future Canadian team planning if he maintains his present form.

Other players in the squad are relatively new to Canada and are Argentinian born players Victor Nicolini and Peter Kozak (both originally with Lanus) plus Oscar Marin (Velez Sarsfield); all now with Toronto Italia. Drago Denkovski (ex Partizan), Svotozar Bosnakovic (Galenika, Belgrade) and the well known Dragan Popovic (ex Red Star) who play for Toronto Serbian White Eagles, plus and Italian goalkeeper Roberto Cruciani and Portuguese winger Manuel Santos who is on loan to Toronto First Portuguese from Odivelas of Lisbon.

There were no players from either of the two Canadian professional teams in the squad, first of all because the Montreal Olympique had a game the night before and secondly because neither club was prepared to allow its eligible Canadians to attend the training camp while the season was in progress. The Toronto Metros were, however, prepared to release their players but only for the game, an offer which Frank Pike refused.

Asked why Arsenal had never played in Canada before, manager Bertie Mee told a press conference on the teams arrival that "previous offers had always been linked to a lengthy tour, which the club was not prepared to undertake after a long season, therefore the offer of just the one game suited us much better."

NASL CROWD RECORD

PHILADELPHIA fans, without major league soccer since the Philadelphia Spartans folded at the end of the National Professional Soccer Lengue in 1967, certainly turned out in large numbers to welcome the new Philadelphia Atoms on their home debut against the Dallas Tornado. A North American Soccer Lengue record crowd of 21,700 was on hand to see them play a scoreless tie against Ron Newmans club. The Atoms outplayed Dallas but were unable to find a way through the experienced Tornado defence.

Nor is Philadelphia the only city where record crowds have been announced since the NASL opened its seventh season in May. Opening day in the Texas Stadium in Dallas saw 19,342 spectators watch the Tornado beat the Toronto Metros 2-1, while there were 12,766 in the Miami Orange Bowl to see the young Montreal Olympique upset the experienced Miami Toros who had England international David Sadler and Scottish international Willie Henderson in their line up.

Records were also set in New York where the Cosmos, champions last season, welcomed 9,075 with a 1-0 win over the Rochester Lancers.

While all these attendances do not necessarily indicate paid customers at the gate—the Dallas figure, for example, includes 10,000 minor soccer players who were admitted free—certainly it does indicate that more and more people are attending games in the NASL than ever before.

Headaches

Early indications would seem to be that the races for all three championships will be very close, with the only team yet to lose being the New York Cosmos, who despite some considerable injury problems that have been giving coach Gordon Bradley some headaches, have a record of one win and two ties.

An unequal number of games played by each team also makes it difficult to make a fair assessment and in the case of Montreal this is further complicated by the fact that they have played their first three games away from home, a fact that coach Graham Adams is none to happy about, especially as one of those games was the always hotly contested game against Toronto.

The Olympique, who are pursuing an admirable policy of encouraging young Canadian players this year, have so far beaten Miami and lost to the Atlanta Apollos 2-3 and the Toronto Metros 0-2. Coach Graham Adams told me after the Toronto game that he is relying on the older more experienced players in the team to help the younger players gain experience. So far he has inserted the players either for single games or used them as substitutes.

After their defeat of Montreal the Toronto Metros currently lead the Northern Division on the strength of a win, two ties and a loss. Hungarian born Gene Strenicer who once played for Spartacus has proved a useful addition to the Metros, as has 18-year-old Peter Roe, a Canadian youth international who has scored twice to date including a beautifully taken goal against Montreal from 22 yards.

Classified results ... European details ... league tables ... Classified

WORLD CUP
South American qualifying group 3

APRIL 29

Peru (1) 2 (Sotil 2)
Chile (0) 0

Peru: Uribe, Navarro, Manzo, Chumpitaz, Luna, Challe, Mayorga, Quesada, Ramirez, Cubillas, Sotil.
Chile: Neff, Machuca, Herrera, Quintano, Arias, Lara, Valdez, Messen, Casely, Ahumada, Muñoz.

MAY 13

Chile (0) 2 (Crisosto, Ahumada)
Peru (0) 0 80,000

Chile: Neff, Galindo, Lara, Quintano, Arias, Valdez,Paez, Veliz, Caszelly (Crisosto), Ahumada, Muñoz (Castro).
Peru: Uribe, Navarro, Manzo, Champitaz, Luna, Challe, Mayorga, Cubilla (Muñante), Quesada, Sotil, Ramirez.

INTERNATIONALS

APRIL 15

Haiti 1, Chile 1

MARCH 24

Peru 1, Paraguay 0

APRIL 8

Paraguay (1) 1 (Maldonado)
Peru (0) 1 (Cubillas)

APRIL 24

Peru (2) 4 (Cubillas, Muñante, Ramirez, Mayorga)
Panama (0) 0
Ecuador 1, Chile 1

MAY 6

Ecuador 0, Bolivia 0

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP
First Round — Group 1

MARCH 28

San Lorenzo (Argentina) (1) 4 (Figueroa 3, Heredia)
River Plate (Argentina) (0) 0

San Lorenzo: Irusta, Glaria, Rezza, Heredia, Rosl, Esposito, Telch, Cocco (Veglio), Figueroa, Ayala, Chazarreta.
River Plate: J. Perez, Wolff, Jauregui, Daulte, Dominichi, Lopez, Merlo (Onega), Alonso, Martinez (Morete), Di Meola, Mas.

First Round — Group 4

MARCH 17

Millionarios (Colombia (2) 6 (Ortiz 2, Moron 2, Brand, Castro o.g.)
Deportivo Cali (Colombia (1) 2 (Da Gracca, Gonzalez)

Semi-final — Group 1

APRIL 6

Millionarios (Colombia) (1) 1 (Soto)
Independiente (Argentina) (0) 0

Millionarios: Mosquera, Segovia, Hernandez, Soto, Gaviria, Gomez, Brand, Gonzalez, Moron (Paniagua), Ortiz, Gamboa.
Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sa, Pavoni, Semenewicz, Montero Castillo, Martine, Balbuena, Maglioni (Giachello), Mendoza.

APRIL 11

Millionarios (Colombia) (0) 0
San Lorenzo (Argentina) (0) 0

Millionarios: Mosquera, Segovia, Gaviria, Villano, Gonzalez, Segrera, Soto, Brand, Ortiz, Paniagua, Moron (Gamboa).
San Lorenzo: Irusta, Glaria, Piris, Heredia, Rosl, Telch, Esposito, Cocco, Chazarreta, Figueroa, Ayala.

APRIL 24

San Lorenzo (Argentina (0) 2 (Piris, Cocco)
Millionarios (Colombia) (0)0

San Lorenzo: Irusta, Glaria, Piris, Heredia, Rosl, Esposito, Telch, Cocco, Gonzalez, Ayala, Chazarreta.
Millionarios: Mosquera, Segovia, Soto, Villano, Gonzalez, Segrera, Gaviria, Gomez, Ortiz, Brand, Paniagua.

APRIL 26

Independiente (Argentina) (1) 2 (Pavoni, Balbuena)
Millionarios (Colombia) (0) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sa, Pavoni, Galván, Martinez (Palomba), Semenewicz, Balbuena, Giachello (Merlo), Mendoza.
Millionarios: Mosquera, Segovia (sent off 8 m.), Villano, Gaviria, Gonzalez (Segrera), Basilico (Gamboa), Gomez, Ortiz, Paniagua, Morón (Hernandez).

MAY 2

San Lorenzo (Argentina) (1) 2 (Ayala, Cocco)
Independiente (Argentina) (1) 2 (Balbuena, Giachello)

San Lorenzo: Irusta, Glaria, Piris, Heredia, Rosl, Cocco, Telch, Esposito, Figueroa (Gonzalez), Ayala, Chazarreta (Veglio).
Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sa, Pavoni, Galván, Martinez (Palomba), Semenewicz, Balbuena, Giachello, Mendoza.

MAY 9

Independiente (Argentina) (0) 1 (Giachello)
San Lorenzo (Argentina) (0) 0

Independiente: Santoro, Commisso, Lopez, Sa, Pavoni, Semenewicz, Martinez (Raimondo), Balbuena, Giachello, Mendoza, Galván.
San Lorenzo: Irusta, Glaria, Piris, Heredia, Diaz, Esposito (Ortiz), Telch, Cocco, Figueroa (Gonzalez), Ayala, Veglio.

Semi-final — Group 2

APRIL 6

Botafogo de Rio (Brazil) (0) 1 (Fischer)
Colo Colo (Chile) (2) 2 (Caszelly, Valdez)

Botafogo: Wendell, Valtencir, Brito, Scala, Marinho (sent off 42 m.), Carlos Roberto, Ney, Zequinha, Roberto, Jairzinho, Dirceu (Fischer).
Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo, Herrera, Gonzalez, Rubilar, Paez, Valdez, Beiruth, Caszelly, Ahumada, Veliz.

APRIL 11

Cerro Porteño (Paraguay) (3) 5
Colo Colo (Chile) (0) 1

Cerro Porteño: Báez, Rodriguez, Enciso, Troche, Mendoza, Osoria, Ortiz, Cino, Barcino, Escobar, Machiel.
Colo Colo: Neff, Gonzalez, Herrera, Rubilar, Valdés, Galindo, Beiruth, Ahumada, Paez, Caszely, Osorio.

APRIL 26

Cerro Porteño (Paraguay) (0) 3 (Soria, Ortiz, Escobar)
Botafogo de Rio (Brazil) (2) 2 (Ney, Zequinha)

Cerro Porteño: Báez, Rodriguez, Enciso, Troche, Mendoza, Osoria, Ortiz, Aquino, Escobar, Maciel, Barreiro.
Botafogo: Wendel, Waltencir, Brito, Scala, Adhemir, Ney, Carlos Roberto, Jairzinho (sent off 35 m.), Roberto, Zequinha, Dirceu.

MAY 4

Colo Colo (Chile) (2) 4 (Valdez 2, Ahumada, Veliz)
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay) (0) 0

Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo, Herrera, Gonzalez, Rubilar, Paez, Valdez, Messen, Ahumada, Beiruth, Veliz.
Cerro Porteño: Báez, Rodriguez, Enciso, Troche, Mendoza, Ortiz, Osorio (sent off 50 m.), Escobar, Cino, Maciel, Barreiro.

MAY 9

Colo Colo (Chile) (2) 3 (Ahumada, Gonzalez, Veliz)
Botafogo de Rio (Brazil) (1) 3 (Dirceu 2, Fischer)

Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo, Herrera, Gonzalez, Rubilar, Valdés, Paez, Caszelly (Osorio), Ahumada, Messen, Veliz.
Botafogo: Wendel, Waltencir, Brito, Osmar, Ademir, Mey (sent off 17 m.), Carlos Roberto, Zequinha (Marco Aurelio), Perreti, Fischer, Dirceu.

MAY 15

Botafogo de Rio (Brazil) (1) 2 (Dirceu, Fischer)
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay) (0) 0

Botafogo: Wendel (Cao), Valtencir, Scala, Osmar, Marinho, Carlos Roberto, Marcos Aurelio, Zequinha, Roberto, Jairzinho (Fischer), Dirceu.
Cerro Porteño: Báez, Zaracho (Rodriguez), Notario (Troche), Enciso, Mendoza, Ortiz, Escobar, Arrua, Cino, Maciel, Barreiro.

Leivinha of Brazil in action against Mauro Bellugi of Italy in the recent international between the two countries.

... European details ... league tables ... Classified results ... European

SEMI-FINAL GROUPS FINAL STANDINGS

Group One	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Independiente (Argentina)	2	1	1	5	3	5
San Lorenzo (Argentina)	1	2	1	4	3	4
Millonarios (Colombia)	1	1	2	1	4	3

Group Two	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Colo Colo (Chile)	2	1	1	10	9	5
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay)	2	0	2	8	9	4
Botafogo de Rio (Brazil)	1	1	2	8	8	3

INTERNATIONAL RESULTS

Poland (1) 2 (Lubanski 2)
Eire (0) 0

Poland: Sorja; Wieczorek, Bulzacki, Musial, Kasztelan, Kraska, Cmikiewicz, Szymanowski, Masztaler (Banas), Lubanski, Gadocha.
Eire: Mulligan; Dempsey (O'Connor), McConnolly, Carroll, Holmes, Hand, Givens, McConville, Martin, Lawlor, Dennehy.

Sweden (1) 3 (Sandberg 2, Grahn)
Austria (0) 2 (Jara, Starek)

Sweden: E. Larsson; Jan Olsson I, Nordqvist, Grip, Olsson II, Grahn, Bo Larsson, Magnusson (Palsson), Kindvall, Sandberg, Edstroem.
Austria: Strakowica; Sara, Sturmberger, Schmidradner, Kisrger, Hickersberger, Hasil (Eitmayer), Starek, Parits, Kreuz, Jara.

Poland (1) 2 (Gadocha, Lubanski)
England (0) 0

Poland: Tomaszewski; Rasny, Gorgon, Bulzacki, Musial, Kraska, Cmikiewicz, Deyna, Banas, Lubanski (Domarski), Gadocha.
England: Shilton; Madeley, Hughes, Storey, McFarland, Moore, Ball, Bell, Chivers, Clarke, Peters.

Czechoslovakia (0) 6 (Mehoda, Bo Vesely 3, Bicovsky, Hagara)
Denmark (0) 0

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Pivarnik, Zlocha, Samek (Dobias), Hagara, Bicovsky, Kuna, Novak (Adamec), Bo Vesely, Mehoda, Strasil.
Denmark: Therkildsen; Ahlberg, Rontved, Bjerre, Jensen, E. Hansen (Vesstyld), E. Nielsen, Nygaard, Lund (Frydson), Dahl, H. Hansen.

Finland (0) 1 (Manninen)
East Germany (3) 5 (Streich 2, Lowe, Ducke, Kreische)

Finland: Enckelman; Forsell, Saviomaa, Rajantie, Ranta, Suomalainen, Nikkanen, Wirkkunen, Manninen, Pastelainen, Toivola.
East Germany: Blochwitz; Weise, Brantsch, Sammer, Kurbjuweit, Lauck, Pommerenke (Hafner), Kreische, Lowe, Ducke, Streich.

Italy (1) 2 (Riva, Capello)
Brazil (0) 0

Italy: Zoff; Sabadini, Bellugi, Burgnich, Facchetti (Marchetti), Capello, Benetti, Rivera, Mazzola, Pulici, Riva (Chinaglia).
Brazil: Leao; Ze Maria, Luis Pereira, Piazza, Marco Antonio, Clodoaldo, Rivelino, Paulo Cesar, Jairzinho, Leivinha (Dario), Edu.

USSR (0) 1 (Muntian pen)
England 1) 2 (Chivers, Khurtsilava o.g.)

USSR: Rudakov; Olshanski, Khurtsilava, Loschev, Kaptichny, Kuznetzov (Fedotov), Muntian, (Papaev), Vassesine, Andriasian, (Kozlov), Onishenko, Blokhin.
England: Shilton; Madeley, Hughes, Storey, McFarland, Moore, Currie, Channon (Summerbee), Chivers, Clarke (Hunter), Peters (Macdonald).

Tunisia (0) 1 (Moniedin)
Brazil (1) 4 (Paulo Cesar 2, Valdomiro, Leivinha)

Tunisia: Attouga; Sitoni, Doulch, Mail, Bezdah, Mehiedin, Chemam (Kipcha), Tamin, Adums, Cha Kran.
Brazil: Wendell; Ze Maria, Luis Pereira, Piazza, Marco Antonio, Clodoaldo, Rivelino, Paulo Cesar, Valdomiro, Leivinha, Edu.

Algeria (0) 0
Brazil (1) 2 (Rivelino, Paulo Cesar)

Algeria: Ouchen (Abrouk); Khedif, Madani, Hadefi, Ighil, Sendi, Pache (Akil), Bain (Vicbar), Sokha, Dali, Ganah.
Brazil: Renato; Chiquinho, Piazza, Ze Maria, Marco Antonio, Clodoaldo, Rivelino, Paulo Cesar, Valdomiro, Leivinha, Edu.

Martin Chivers eludes Olshansky of Russia in Moscow. England won 2–1.

SWEDEN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atvidaberg	9	9	0	0	21	6	18
Oester Vaxjo	9	6	2	1	16	7	14
GAIS	9	5	1	3	13	10	11
Malmo	9	5	0	4	18	14	10
Landskrona	9	4	2	3	11	9	10
AIK Stockholm	9	3	2	4	14	11	8
Norrkopping	9	1	6	2	17	15	8
Hammarby	9	3	2	4	10	12	8
Stab	9	2	3	4	9	13	7
Orgryte	9	2	3	4	10	18	7
Sirius	9	2	3	4	6	14	7
Orebro	9	1	4	4	8	10	6
Hilsborg	9	2	2	5	10	15	6
Djurgaarden	9	2	2	5	8	17	6

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	22	15	6	1	49	21	36
Carl Zeiss Jena	22	11	9	2	35	19	31
Magdeburg	22	12	5	5	39	20	29
Karl-Marx-Stadt	22	10	5	7	28	23	27
Lokomotiv Leipzig	22	9	5	8	49	38	23
Vorwaerts Frankfurt	22	8	5	9	46	39	21
Dynamo Berlin	22	7	7	8	35	37	21
Sachsenring	22	7	7	8	31	34	21
Wismut Aue	22	7	6	9	23	34	20
Hansa Rostock	22	6	7	9	33	38	19
Chemie	22	4	10	8	16	22	18
Union Berlin	22	6	3	13	19	37	15
Chemie Halle	22	3	8	11	28	47	14
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	22	5	3	14	28	59	13

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Red Star Belgrade	32	20	9	3	66	27	49
Velez Mostar	32	16	11	5	46	26	43
OFK Belgrade	32	15	12	5	49	29	42
Partizan	32	16	10	6	48	33	42
Zeljeznicar	32	13	5	10	49	37	39
Serajevo	32	12	9	11	48	47	33
Sloboda Tuzla	32	8	16	8	30	28	32
Vardar Skopje	32	10	11	11	35	41	31
Hajduk Split	32	14	2	16	49	45	30
Dynamo Zagreb	32	10	9	13	23	33	29
Vojvodina	32	10	8	14	37	43	28
Borac	32	8	10	14	24	26	26
Celik Zenica	32	8	10	14	24	43	26
Bor	32	9	8	15	32	53	26
Olimpija	32	8	8	16	33	42	24
Spartak Subotica	32	7	9	16	33	47	23
Sutjeska	32	8	7	17	28	45	23

ITALY (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juventus	30	18	9	3	45	22	45
AC Milan	30	18	8	4	65	33	44
Lazio	30	16	11	3	33	16	43
Fiorentina	30	15	7	8	39	26	37
Inter-Milan	30	15	7	8	32	23	37
Torino	30	11	9	10	33	21	31
Bologna	30	11	9	10	33	31	31
Cagliari	30	9	11	10	26	28	29
Napoli	30	7	14	9	18	20	28
Verona	30	5	16	9	28	34	26
Roma	30	6	12	12	23	28	24
Sampdoria	30	5	14	11	16	25	24
Vicenza	30	7	10	13	15	31	24
Atalanta	30	5	14	11	16	33	24
Palermo	30	3	11	16	13	41	17
Ternana	30	3	10	17	14	37	16

BULGARIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
CSKA Sofia	32	21	6	5	75	37	48
Lokomitiv Plovdiv	32	17	7	8	59	35	41
Slavia Sofia	30	15	10	5	52	30	40
Levski Spartak	31	13	9	7	39	31	39
Lokomotiv Sofia	32	13	9	10	43	43	35
Akademik	32	13	8	11	56	40	34
Dounav	31	12	8	11	35	38	32
Spartak Pleven	31	13	5	13	45	45	31
Botev	32	12	7	13	41	49	31
Trakia	31	11	8	12	40	37	30
Tchernomore	32	11	8	13	47	50	30
Tchernomoretz	32	11	7	14	32	40	29
Pernik	32	8	12	12	32	51	28
Beroe	32	11	5	16	46	45	27
Etar	32	7	13	12	34	45	27
Laskov	31	9	7	15	35	51	25
Spartak Varna	31	8	9	14	27	48	25
Velov	32	5	6	21	21	63	16

SPAIN (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Madrid	34	20	8	6	49	29	48
Barcelona	34	18	10	6	41	21	46
Español	34	17	11	6	48	27	45
Real Madrid	34	17	9	8	43	27	43
Castellon	34	13	9	12	44	38	35
Real Zaragoza	34	10	14	10	36	36	34
Real Sociedad	34	13	8	13	37	39	34
Malaga	34	11	11	12	33	29	33
Valencia	34	12	9	13	37	34	33
Atletico Bilbao	34	12	9	13	38	35	33
Las Palmas	34	12	8	14	39	44	32
Oviedo	34	9	12	12	33	44	30
Gijon	34	11	7	16	32	37	29
Celta Vigo	34	10	9	15	30	37	29
Granada	34	9	11	14	25	32	29
Betis	34	7	14	13	29	36	28
Coruna	34	7	13	14	22	44	27
Burgos	34	9	6	19	36	63	24

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Stal Mielec	24	11	10	3	39	21	32
Ruch Chorzow	24	12	6	6	26	14	30
Gwardia	23	8	11	4	27	18	27
LKS Lodz	23	8	11	4	23	18	27
Wisla	23	12	3	8	28	24	27
Gornik Zabrze	24	9	9	6	21	14	27
ROW Rybnik	24	7	10	7	17	18	24
Pogon	24	7	7	10	25	28	21
Legia	24	5	11	8	23	26	21
Lech	24	6	9	9	16	24	21
Zaglebie Walbrzych	24	7	6	11	29	28	20
Polonia	24	7	6	11	20	34	20
Zaglebie Sosnowiec	23	7	5	11	23	26	19
Odra	24	2	12	10	17	32	16

SWITZERLAND (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Basel	26	17	5	4	57	30	39
Grasshoppers	26	14	7	5	54	32	35
Sion	26	13	7	6	35	30	33
Servette	26	14	3	9	41	25	31
Winterthur	26	12	6	8	40	29	30
Lausanne	26	11	6	9	46	27	28
Zurich	26	10	8	8	38	33	28
Lugano	26	9	9	8	31	30	27
Young Boys	26	9	5	12	39	40	23
Chaux de Fonds	26	8	7	11	30	43	23
Chiasso	26	8	5	13	21	48	21
St Gallen	26	7	5	14	31	49	19
Fribourg	26	4	7	15	24	43	15
Grenchen	26	4	4	18	23	53	12

Results...dates...tables...res

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AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1

19.11.72 Morocco 0, Senegal 0
3.12.72 Senegal 1, Morocco 2

Group 2

2. 3.72 Algeria 1, Guinea 0
12. 3.72 Guinea 5, Algeria 1

Second Preliminary Round

Guinea 1, Morocco 1
Morocco 2, Guinea 0

Group 3

8.12.72 AR Egypt 2, Tunisia 1
17.12.72 Tunisia 2, AR Egypt 0

Group 4

15.10.72 Sierra Leone 0, Ivory Coast 1
29.10.72 Ivory Coast 2, Sierra Leone 0

Second Preliminary Round

Tunisia 1, Ivory Coast 1
Ivory Coast 2, Tunisia 1

Group 5

16. 7.72 Kenya 2, Sudan 0
23. 7.72 Sudan 1, Kenya 0

Group 6

Mauritius v. Madagascar
Madagascar v. Mauritius
Madagascar withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

Kenya 3, Mauritius 1
Mauritius 2, Kenya 2

Group 7

25.11.72 Ethiopia 0, Tanzania 0
3.12.72 Tanzania 1, Ethiopia 1
Play-off Ethiopia 3, Tanzania 0

Group 8

30. 4.72 Lesotho 0, Zambia 0
4. 6.72 Zambia 6, Lesotho 1

Second Preliminary Round

1. 4.73 Ethiopia 0, Zambia 0
15. 4.73 Zambia v. Ethiopia

Group 9

5. 8.72 Nigeria 2, Congo Brazza. 1
15. 8.72 Congo Brazza. 1, Nigeria 1

Group 10

18. 6.72 Dahomey 0, Ghana 5
2. 7.72 Ghana 5, Dahomey 1

Second Preliminary Round

Nigeria 2, Ghana 3
Ghana 1, Nigeria 1

Group 11

6. 6.72 Togo 0, Zaire 0
20. 6.72 Zaire 4, Togo 0

Group 12

Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons
Gabon withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

10.12.72. Mauritius 1, Kenya 3
17.12.72. Kenya 2, Mauritius 2
4. 2.73. Cameroon 0, Zaire 1
25. 2.73. Zaire 0, Cameroon 1
27. 2.73. Zaire 2, Cameroon 0

ASIA

Sub-Group B1

4. 3.73 Australia 1, New Zealand 1
11. 3.73 Australia 3, Iraq 1
Indonesia 1, New Zealand 1
13. 3.73 Iraq 2, New Zealand 0
Australia 2, Indonesia 1
16. 3.73 Iraq 1, Indonesia 1
Australia 3, New Zealand 3
18. 3.73 Indonesia 1, New Zealand 0
Australia 0, Iraq 0
21. 3.73 Iraq 3, Indonesia 2
24. 3.73 Iraq 4, New Zealand 0
Australia 6, Indonesia 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Australia	6	3	3	0	15	6	9
Iraq	6	3	2	1	11	6	8
Indonesia	6	1	2	3	6	13	4
New Zealand	6	0	3	3	5	12	3

Asia Sub-Group B2

4. 5.73 North Korea 0, Iran 0
4. 5.73 Syria 2, Kuwait 1
6. 5.73 Iran 2, Kuwait 1
6. 5.73 North Korea 1, Syria 1
8. 5.73 Iran 1, Syria 0
8. 5.73 Kuwait 0, North Korea 0
11. 5.73 North Korea 1, Iran 2
11. 5.73 Syria 2, Kuwait 0
13. 5.73 Iran 2, Kuwait 0
13. 5.73 North Korea 3, Syria 0
15. 5.73 Syria 1, Iran 0
15. 5.73 Kuwait 2, North Korea 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	6	4	1	1	7	3	9
Syria	6	3	1	2	6	6	7
North Korea	6	1	3	2	5	5	5
Kuwait	6	1	1	4	4	8	3

Asia Sub Group A

Group A

Hong Kong (0) 1, South Vietnam (0) 0
Japan (2) 4, South Vietnam (0) 0
Japan (0) 0, Hong Kong (0) 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hong Kong	2	2	0	0	2	0	4
Japan	2	1	0	1	4	1	2
South Vietnam	2	0	0	2	0	5	0

Group B

South Korea (0) 4, Thailand (0) 0
Israel (1) 6, Thailand (0) 0
Malaysia (0) 2, Thailand (0) 0
South Korea (0) 0, Israel (0) 0
South Korea (0) 0, Malaysia (0) 0
Israel (2) 3, Malaysia (0) 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Israel	3	2	1	0	9	0	5
South Korea	3	1	2	0	4	0	4
Malaysia	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Thailand	3	0	0	3	0	12	0

Semi finals

South Korea (1) 3, Hong Kong (1) 1
Israel (0) 1, Japan (0) 0*

Final

South Korea (0) 1, Israel (0) 0*
* after extra time

Paulo Cesar of Brazil and Kapellman of West Germany. Brazil won 1–0.

ults...dates...tables...results

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CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1

20. 8.72 Canada 3, USA 2
24. 8.72 Canada 0, Mexico 1
29. 8.72 USA 2, Canada 2
3.10.72 Mexico 3, USA 1
6.10.72 Mexico 2, Canada 1
10.10.72 USA 1, Mexico 2

Group 2

3.12.72 Guatemala 1, El Salvador 0
10.12.72 El Salvador 0, Guatemala 1

Group 3

3.12.72 Honduras 2, Costa Rica 1
10.12.72 Costa Rica 3, Honduras 3

Group 4

11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica
Jamaica withdrew

Group 5

15. 4.72 Haiti 7, Puerto Rico 0
26. 9.72 Puerto 0, Haiti 5

Group 6

26.11.72 Surinam 1, Trinidad 2
30.11.72 Trinidad 1, Surinam 1
10.12.72 Surinam 3, Antigua 1
3.12.72 Antigua 0, Surinam 6
10.11.72 Trinidad 11, Antigua 1
19.11.72 Antigua 1, Trinidad 2

EUROPE

Group 1

14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria 4, Malta 0
6. 5.72 Hungary 3, Malta 0
25. 5.72 Sweden 0, Hungary 0
10. 6.72 Austria 2, Sweden 0
15.10.72 Sweden 7, Malta 0
15.10.72 Austria 2, Hungary 2
25.11.72 Malta 0 v. Austria 2
29. 4.73 Hungary 2, Austria 2
24. 5.73 Sweden 3, Austria 2
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria	6	3	2	1	14	3	8
Hungary	5	2	3	0	9	4	7
Sweden	3	2	1	1	10	4	5
Malta	5	0	0	5	0	18	0

Group 2

8.10.72 Luxembourg 0, Italy 4
21.10.72 Switzerland 0, Italy 0
22.10.72 Luxembourg 2, Turkey 0
10.12.72 Turkey 3, Luxembourg 0
13. 1.73 Italy 0, v. Turkey 0
25. 2.73 Turkey 0, v. Italy 1
31. 3.73 Italy 5, Luxembourg 0
8. 4.73 Luxembourg 0, Switzerland 1
9. 5.73 Switzerland 0, Turkey 0
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	5	3	2	0	10	0	8
Switzerland	3	1	2	0	1	0	4
Turkey	5	1	2	2	3	3	3
Luxembourg	5	1	0	4	2	13	2

Group 3

18. 5.72 Belgium 4, Iceland 0
22. 5.72 Iceland 0, Belgium 4 (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway 4, Iceland 1
4.10.72 Norway 0, Belgium 2
1.11.72 Netherlands 9, Norway 0
19.11.72 Belgium 0 v. Netherlands 0
2. 8.73 Iceland v. Norway
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	4	3	1	0	10	0	7
Netherlands	2	1	1	0	9	0	3
Norway	3	1	0	2	4	12	2
Iceland	3	0	0	3	1	12	0

Group 4

21. 6.72 Finland 1, Albania 0
20. 9.72 Finland 1, Rumania 1
7.10.72 East Germany 5, Finland 0
29.10.72 Rumania 2, Albania 0
8. 4.73 East Germany 2, Albania 0
6. 5.73 Albania 1, Rumania 4
27. 5.73 Rumania 1, East Germany 0
6. 6.73 Finland 1, East Germany 5
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73 Albania v. East Germany

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rumania	4	3	1	0	8	2	7
East Germany	4	3	0	1	12	2	6
Finland	4	1	1	2	3	11	3
Albania	4	0	0	4	1	9	0

Group 5

17.10.73 England v. Poland
15.11.72 Wales 0 v. England 1
24. 1.73 England 1 v. Wales 1
28. 3.73 Wales 2, Poland 0
6. 6.73 Poland 2, England 0
26. 9.73 Poland v. Wales

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Wales	3	1	1	1	3	2	3
England	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Poland	2	1	0	1	2	2	2

Group 6

29. 3.72 Portugal 4, Cyprus 0
10. 5.72 Cyprus 0, Portugal 1
18.10.72 Bulgaria 3, Northern Ireland 0
19.11.72 Cyprus 0 v. Bulgaria 4
14. 2.73 Cyprus 1, v. Northern Ireland 0
2. 5.73 Bulgaria 2, Portugal 1
9. 5.73 Northern Ireland 3, Cyprus 0
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	3	3	0	0	9	1	6
Portugal	4	2	1	1	7	3	5
N. Ireland	2	0	1	1	1	4	1
Cyprus	4	1	0	3	1	9	2

Group 7

19.10.72 Spain 2, Yugoslavia 2
18.11.72 Yugoslavia 1 v. Greece 0
17. 1.73 Greece 2, Spain 3
21. 2.73 Spain 3, Greece 1
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Spain	3	2	1	0	8	5	5
Yugoslavia	3	1	1	0	3	2	3
Greece	3	0	0	3	3	7	0

Group 8

18.10.72 Denmark 1, Scotland 4
15.11.72 Scotland 2, Denmark 0
2. 5.73 Denmark 1, Czechoslovakia 1
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia 6, Denmark 0
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechoslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Scotland	2	2	0	0	6	1	4
Czechoslovakia	2	1	1	0	7	1	3
Denmark	4	0	1	3	2	13	1

Group 9

13.10.72 France 1, USSR 0
18.10.72 Eire 1, USSR 2
15.11.72 Eire 2 v. France 1
13. 5.73 USSR 1 Eire 0
19. 5.73 France 1, Eire 1
26. 5.73 USSR 2, France 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
USSR	4	3	0	1	5	2	6
Eire	4	1	1	2	4	5	3
France	4	1	1	2	5	3	3

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1

21. 6.73 Colombia v. Ecuador
24. 6.73 Colombia v. Uruguay
28. 6.73 Ecuador v. Columbia
1. 7.73 Ecuador v. Uruguay
5. 7.73 Uruguay v. Colombia
8. 7.73 Uruguay v. Ecuador

Group 2

2. 9.73 Bolivia v. Paraguay
9. 9.73 Argentina v. Bolivia
16. 9.73 Paraguay v. Argentina
23. 9.73 Bolivia v. Argentina
30. 9.73 Paraguay v. Bolivia
7.10.73 Argentina v. Paraguay

Group 3

29. 4.73 Peru 2, Chile 0
3. 5.73 Chile 2, Peru 0
(Venezuela withdrew)

... league tables ...

WEST GERMANY (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bayern Munich	34	25	4	5	93	29	54
1FC Cologne	34	16	11	7	66	51	43
Fortuna Dusseldorf	34	15	12	7	62	45	42
Wuppertaler	34	15	10	9	62	49	40
Bor. Moenchengladbach	34	17	5	12	82	61	39
Stuttgart	34	17	3	14	71	65	37
Offenbach	34	14	7	13	61	60	35
Eintracht Frankfurt	34	15	4	15	58	54	34
Duisburg	34	12	9	13	53	54	33
Werder Bremen	34	12	7	15	50	52	31
Bochum	34	11	9	14	50	52	31
Hertha	34	11	8	15	53	64	30
Hamburg	34	10	8	16	53	59	28
Schalke	34	10	8	16	46	61	28
Hannover	34	9	8	17	49	65	26
Brunswick	34	9	7	18	33	56	25
Rot-Weiss Oberhausen	34	9	4	21	45	84	22

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SW Innsbruck	26	15	5	5	49	21	35
Rapid	26	14	7	5	46	27	35
Linzer ASK	27	11	11	5	45	29	33
Admira Wacker	23	12	7	4	24	16	31
Grazer AS	26	11	8	7	38	21	30
VOEST Linz	27	12	6	9	47	30	30
Wiener Sportklub	27	10	9	8	35	33	29
Alpine Donawitz	26	9	9	8	29	37	27
Austria Salzburg	27	11	5	11	32	34	27
Klagenfurt	26	11	2	13	30	43	24
Vienna	26	8	7	11	33	43	23
Sturm Graz	27	7	9	11	24	36	23
FK Austria	25	8	6	11	44	37	22
Eisenstadt	23	6	4	13	22	31	16
Bregenz	26	5	5	16	24	48	15
Wiener Neustadt	25	3	6	16	21	57	12

PORTUGAL (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	30	28	2	0	101	13	58
Belenenses	30	14	12	4	53	30	40
Setubal	30	16	6	8	65	26	38
Porto	30	15	7	8	56	28	37
Sporting	30	15	7	8	37	31	73
Guimaraes	30	11	11	8	38	38	33
Boavista	30	12	7	11	41	47	31
CUF	30	11	8	11	38	37	30
Leixoes	30	11	8	11	32	45	30
Barreirense	30	9	7	14	43	64	25
Farense	30	8	8	14	27	53	24
Montijo	30	9	5	16	29	47	23
Beira Mar	30	5	13	12	27	57	23
Atletico	30	4	9	17	27	52	17
Coimbra	30	5	7	18	22	54	17
Tomar	30	6	5	19	35	69	17

HOLLAND (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax	34	30	4	4	102	18	69
Feyenoord	34	27	4	3	89	28	58
Twente	34	22	6	6	53	22	50
Sparta	34	21	5	8	85	37	47
Den Haag	34	15	10	9	44	39	40
PSV Eindhoven	34	15	8	11	46	35	38
MVV Maastricht	34	14	9	11	49	38	37
Utrecht	34	12	8	14	44	55	32
NEC Nijmegen	34	10	11	13	40	48	31
Amsterdam	34	11	7	16	44	54	29
Haarlem	34	10	9	15	43	55	29
Telstar	34	12	4	18	39	51	28
Groningen	34	7	13	14	37	61	27
Go Ahead	34	8	9	17	31	52	25
AZ 67	34	8	9	17	32	58	25
NAC Breda	34	7	7	20	26	57	21
Excelsior	34	5	8	21	24	70	18
Den Bosch	34	5	7	22	23	73	17

GREECE (Final Table)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Olympiakos	34	27	6	1	72	13	94
PAOK	34	27	4	3	75	24	92
Panathinaikos	34	22	7	5	89	29	82
Patras	34	16	12	6	42	27	78
AEK Athens	34	13	11	6	39	36	71
Panionios	34	13	9	12	41	39	69
Aris	34	13	9	12	38	36	69
Iraklis	34	11	13	10	42	39	69
Ethnikos	34	10	15	9	35	32	69
Aigaleo	34	11	8	15	30	47	64
Kavala	34	8	14	12	32	38	64
Volos	34	10	9	15	25	42	63
Fostir	34	10	8	16	23	39	62
Seres	34	6	15	16	27	47	61
Kalamata	34	8	10	16	30	45	60
Atromitos	34	7	10	17	17	49	58
Trikala	34	5	9	20	26	52	53
Omonia	34	1	7	26	22	71	42

MORE NEXT MONTH

WORLD CUP CHART

Match Timetable for the FIFA World Cup 1974, with Kick-off Times

1st Final Round	Opening Match	1st Match Day		2nd Match Day		3rd Match Day		
Date	Thursday 13.6.	Friday 14.6.	Saturday 15.6.	Tuesday 18.6.	Wednesday 19.6.	Saturday 22.6.	Sunday 23.6.	
Group I								
Berlin		*16.00* 2:1		*19.30* 1:3		*16.00* 4:1		Winner = A1
Hamburg		*19.30* 3:4		*16.00* 4:2		*19.30* 3:2		Second = B5
Group II								
Dortmund		*19.30* 7:8						
Gelsenkirchen				*19.30* 5:7		*16.00* 7:6		Winner = B6
Frankfurt	*17.00* 6:5			*19.30* 8:6		*16.00* 8:5		Second = A2
Group III								
Dortmund					*19.30* 9:11		*16.00* 12:9	
Düsseldorf			*16.00* 11:12				*16.00* 11:10	Winner = A3
Hannover			*16.00* 10:9		*19.30* 12:10			Second = B7
Group IV								
Munich			*18.00* 14:13		*19.30* 13:15		*16.00* 16:13	Winner = B8
Stuttgart			*18.00* 15:16		*19.30* 16:14		*16.00* 15:14	Second = A4

2nd Final Round	1st Match Day	2nd Match Day	3rd Match Day		
Date	Wednesday 26.6.	Sunday 30.6.	Wednesday 3.7.		
Kick-off time	*19.30*	*16.00*	*19.30*		
Group A					
Dortmund			A3:A2		
Gelsenkirchen	A3:A4	A1:A3*	A4:A1*	Winner	A
Hannover	A2:A1*	A4:A2		Second	A
Group B					
Düsseldorf	B6:B5*	B5:B7*	B7:B6		
Frankfurt		B8:B6	B8:B5*	Winner	B
Stuttgart	B7:B8			Second	B

(N.B.: If Germany FR qualifies for the Second Final Round (as A1 or B5), the matches of the German team marked * will begin as follows: on 26.6. at 16.00, on 30.6. at 19.30 and on 3.7. at 16.00)

3rd Place Match:

Munich, Saturday, 6.7., *16.00* Second A v. Second B

Final:

Munich, Sunday, 7.7., *16.00* Winner A v. Winner B

World SOCCER
GREGORI
Bologna

7 West Road

VASCO DE GAMA

Back row left to right: Andrada, P. Cezar, Moises, Alcir, Miguel, Altivo.
Front row: Jorginho, Suingue, Tostao, Silvo, Gilson Nunes.